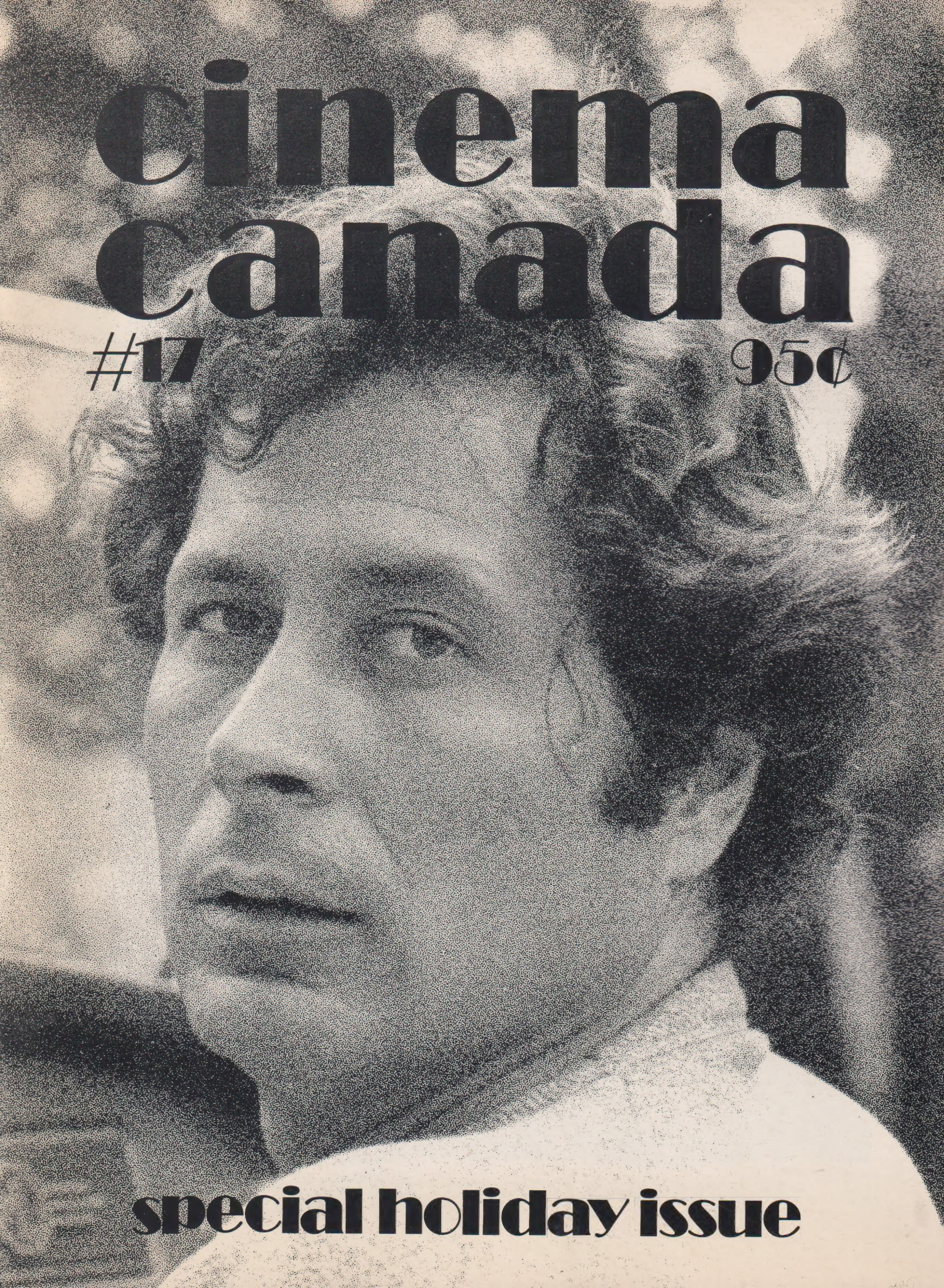




cinema canada

#17

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special holiday issue

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EDITORIAL



Ron Blumer and Erasmus



Stephen Chesley



Natalie Edwards



Laurinda Hartt

It was that time of year again and frankly, I got nostalgic over the Canadian Film Awards. I miss them. Granted, there were problems. Granted, the CFTA, CSC and CFE had their awards again this year. But it's not the awards I missed.

I missed the exhilaration of watching a solid week of films from Québec and Canada.

Of course it will be nice to see all these films in our neighbourhood theatres once the overdue and (hopefully) imminent quotas ensure exhibition. But that cannot replace the excitement of getting together and celebrating a year's work in a Festival.

We urge our film community to start anew. We all know that political and other realities have made the old CFA obsolete, but fresh ideas would give birth to a better system. (Perhaps we could have two theatres side-by-side and run Canadian films in one and Québécois films in the other?) Exactly how we do it is not as important as discovering new solutions.

We cannot leave this kind of festival to organizers in Berlin and Sorrento only. We need it far more here.

Intimate notes: Once, a panel of filmmakers was asked why each stayed in Canadian Cinema when it was so difficult? One filmmaker simply said: "Because I love the people in it. . . ." (Yes)

Your Favourite Canadian Film Magazine people have shifted since our introduction in last issue — Harris Kirshenbaum has gotten an offer he couldn't refuse from OECA and Debbie Mills is our new Advertising Manager. Harris will still be our Technical Editor, Debbie is still handling subscriptions, so not everything has changed.

We're also introducing four more members of your FCFM family — Ron Blumer, Stephen Chesley, Natalie Edwards and Laurinda Hartt. Ron has been an active filmmaker (*Freedom, The Wind Up*), film reviewer and lecturer for longer than his rabbit, Erasmus, can remember. Stephen was the editor of *Impact* and *Canadian Film Digest* in past lives. Natalie writes for all kinds of other magazines (*Toronto Citizen*, *Star Weekly*, etc.) besides being an active filmperson now working on a script, and Laurinda was sent to us by Jim Beveridge and Jay Leyda while she was still at York University. All four of them are lovely people whose by-lines you've read long enough. . . .

Cinema Canada would like to wish all our readers a blessed time during this season of Holy Days, may we have far more films made next year, and may you enjoy reading our 88-page Special Holiday Issue as much as we enjoyed putting it together. Peace. . . .

Your (wo)managing editor

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CANADIAN FILM NEWS

Major Developments

By the time you read this issue, twill be the season to be jolly in full swing, but as I write, just two days after the Liberal budget and Hugh Faulkner's, et al, show of interest in campaign pledges, the film industry, etc., things are obviously not all smiles and chuckles. Back in July, during the time of Margaret's debut, Faulkner let slip at a candidates meeting that, if re-elected, the tax write-off allowance for film investment would be increased to 115 per cent. In other words, a few more people would be encouraged to invest in Canadian features.

cost, that's all. Not to sound too elitist in demanding more, I would still submit that something more is needed. Not necessarily from John Turner's department which has (probably correctly) stated that film support is not the responsibility of the Finance department — but from the Secretary of State. Surely someone will say something sometime? Or is it better to appoint committees and advisory groups and so on and so on, leaving any commitment to remain non-existent? Use the money to pay for films instead of Air Canada tickets to Ottawa for committees to waste voice and time. If it sounds bitter and frustrated, it is.

Other developments have occurred since last issue, one from a revitalised

directors, and technical personnel will reap untold benefits. Given her vivacity and enthusiasm and respect for John Hirsch and Canadian talent, a gambler would have a very secure bet that she'll make it. As head of the Casting Department, she has proposed a talent bank using the CBC computer, keeping names, addresses and current projects of first actors, then the rest of the crew, constantly at hand, up to date, and available to CBC personnel. It's a large undertaking, and she knows what she's up against. But she says, "I know the talent and I'd like it to be used. I've lived in the isolation of East and West. I'm a missionary. I want to bring to the directors' attention that the talent is there. And I believe in decentralisation; the difference between East and West is enormous."

All these ideas and goals out of literally nothing, because the CBC has not had a casting department before. And since organising it, Sherrin has begun more modest programs, designed to improve information flow as well as gather it. She feels that variety and drama are interchangeable in Canadian actors' potential work area, as are TV, film and stage. Instead of waiting for you to visit, she's going out to see for herself, attending plays, films and so on. She hired Lynn Dickson specifically to travel and find out where information about talent exists, and bring it in, and she herself has just returned from a trip out West. "We have expanded the Toronto staff from three to ten, and it's still not enough. We get all the reviews, press releases. We see the shows and even go officially backstage — the actors are very pleased. We use *Equity's* computer bank and *Face to Face with Talent* from ACTRA. But we need more. The CBC should have the biggest talent bank in the world. And Hirsch is adamant about directors and producers knowing about everyone. He will ask for a list of those considered as well as those accepted. Our mandate is to bring the best quality, but you have to know where it is."

Two new programmes support her statements. One is to interview actors by people in the department, and another is videotape auditions. Eight hours a week are devoted to the former, and the latter takes place whenever facilities become available. Casting officers are Claire Emery, Diane Polley, Dorothy Gardner and their assistants. They have met with managers and told them to come in and read scripts. It's all



Hugh Faulkner

Not that many more people of course, and especially with inflation running at double figures. But maybe a few more. But all the Government has done is juggle numbers. Before, it was 60 per cent the first year and forty per cent the second year. Now it's 100 per cent the first year. A straight business

CBC Drama department, another from a union bastion, and a call for participation in Jean Drapeau's latest construction project.

Last September Muriel Sherrin joined the drama department of the CBC, and if this lady can achieve half the goals she has set, actors, and eventually writers,

part of a goal of training people to use assistance and opportunities properly. And to train people. "I want to bring young people in as casting assistants to train them to know how to judge talent and know talent. My job is not to cast, it's to set up and run the department. I really believe in delegation and communication."

In an effort to provide work for Canadian filmmakers, Jean Drapeau has brought the 1976 Olympics to Montreal. Of course, in true Canadian fashion, the official Olympic film was almost made by foreigners. Enter Jacques Bobet, NFB producer, who, on the day the site of Montreal was announced, began to push for Canadians making the official Olympic film. Enter indifference and foreigners. "I spent the last four years blocking foreigners. And I knew that we needed training films, i.e. films to learn how to make the Olympic film. I pushed for them and got no reaction anywhere."

But eventually Good won out and Canada is to make the film. It is to be a ninety minute documentary with a budget of \$1.2 million. Three thousand events in seventeen days comprise the action. All information is to go through Bobet at the NFB, as they have immediate knowledge of cameras, crews etc. But about half of the project will be done by people hired outside the NFB. What Bobet is looking for at this time is a central idea, a new and different one. He emphasises that time is running out, and in fact has set a deadline of December (now) for the final decision on approach. If you've got the answer, send it to him, copyrighting it on the way to protect yourself. The film must take into account that events are covered by TV and must display the Olympic spirit. Past Olympic films can be obtained at some NFB offices, and group showings can be arranged.

It has finally been determined that film has a lasting value, according to our federal government. The material of the Canadian Film Archives, now a division of the Canadian Film Institute in Ottawa, under Jean Clavel, will be deposited in the Public Archives of Canada under Dominion Archivist Dr. Wilfred Smith. A new division called National Film Archives will be formed under director Sam Kula. Five thousand films, seven thousand books, 800 periodicals, 110,000 stills, and eighty thousand files comprise the collection. Goals of the new division are support for the Insti-

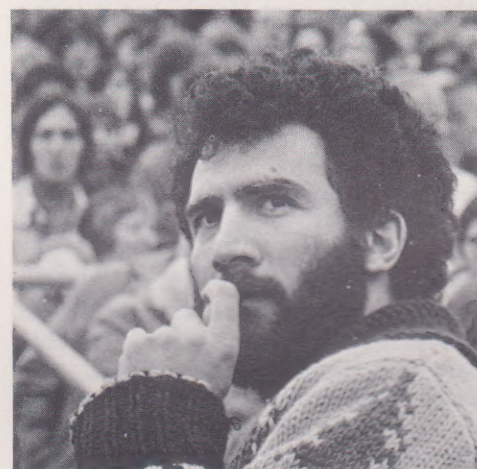
tute's programs in distribution and exhibition and publication, making the Institute's study collection more widely available on a regional basis and increasing the amount of French material.

On a more financially happy note, we learned recently that the amount paid for the Héroux brothers' co-production of *Jacques Brel is Alive and Well...* by the American Film Theatre was one million dollars, the largest amount in Canadian film's history. Ely Landau has Film Theatre rights for one year and will then release the films commercially. (The CFDC turned down an original investment.)

Another move to bring Canadian filmmaking to Canadian control has taken place in NABET, the National Association of Broadcast Engineers and Technicians. As the annual convention was held in Georgia this fall, Canadian delegates attended. But at the convention, after much heated debate, a separation of the American and Canadian contingents was agreed upon. Local autonomy no less. After this gathering there is a separate executive and council for each country, with a multinational council advising, but not controlling the two bodies. Each has its own constitution and amendment ability. Ronald Pambrum of Winnipeg was elected Interim President of the Canadian section until official elections are held in December. A small step only on the surface, since unless we control our own house, we won't have any bargaining strength at home or when we want to visit elsewhere.

The Canada Council has published a brochure outlining aid to filmmakers and those who work in video. Called appropriately *Aid to Film and Video*, it is available by writing to the council at P.O. Box 1047 Ottawa K1P 5V8. This program is only a year old, but already \$663,000 of the \$931,000 overall budget for 1974 has been awarded. It went to 1) Production of shorts, 2) Workshops and Co-operatives including \$10,000 to the Atlantic Filmmakers' Co-op in Halifax to hire a technical consultant and \$17,000 to Memorial University in St. John's to establish a Filmmakers' Advisory Centre and for services for a Filmmaker-in-residence; 3) Film archives and distribution centres including \$90,000 to the Canadian Film Institute; \$20,000 to the Canadian Filmmakers Distribution Centre in Toronto; \$70,000 to La cinémathèque

québécoise; \$10,000 to La Coopérative des cinéastes indépendants; \$30,000 to the Pacific Cinematheque Pacifique and \$7,000 to Le Conseil québécois pour la diffusion du cinéma; 4) Travel and exchanges, including \$500 to Bob Elliott Productions for promotion of *Wolfpen Principle*, \$20,000 to Faroun Films for distribution of twenty films in South-east Asia, and \$1,000 to New Cinema Enterprises for Frank Vitale's travel to promote *Montreal Main*.



Frank Vitale

Productions: Recent/Current/ Imminent

The feature industry is not exactly booming, but thanks in large part to D. John Turner, keeping a watchful eye on proceedings from his Ottawa heights, we can report a small bit of activity in English Canada, and a greater amount, as usual, in Québec. (See feature article in this issue.—ed.)

Currently editing are Murray Markowitz' *The Steven Truscott Story*, *Les Vautours* by Jean Claude Labrecque, *Jos Carbone* by Hughes Tremblay, Leonard Yakir's *The Mourning Suit*, an NFB series of six one-hour films under the title of *Chronique de la vie quotidien* by Jacques Leduc, *Ti-cul Tougas* by Jean-Guy Noël, *Salut Philibert* by Victor Lallouz (four days left of shooting had to be postponed because of financial difficulties), *M'en Revenant Parles Epinetten* by François Brault, *Tout Feu tout femme* by Gilles Richer.

Some shooting remains on *Veillir avec* by Georges Dufaux, *La Fleur aux Dents* a Montreal NFB 16mm project by Tomas Vámos, *L'espoir* by Anne Claire Poirier, *La Nes des fous* by Pierre Maheu for the NFB, and five days

shooting remain on *La Tête de Normande Sainte-Onge* and will be shot in winter.

Harold Greenberg's Bellevue Pathé/Astral has joined with Sandy Howard and Richard Harris to make *The Last Castle* in Nova Scotia, a comedy drama. As Greenberg emphasised on TV recently in Toronto, he makes pictures in Canada, not necessarily Canadian pictures. And this production fits the bill. It stems from a joining of forces by Howard and Harris, and is one of a series. Another previously announced film by Greenberg/Howard is *The Devil's Rain*, which will now be made in Mexico, probably without Greenberg. Another Bellevue project, *Embryo*, is scheduled for next March, but it seems that the start date is being moved up to January, depending upon whether Daniel Petrie is available to direct. Story concerns test tube babies, and will be shot in Montreal.

Walter Baczynsky's Canukr Films is readying *Marichka*, the first feature made in Canadian with Ukrainian as the main language. John Sweeney and Paul Aspland are editing *Franz*, a feature turned down by the CFDC. Robbie Malenfant is editing *Moss Tarts*. And Burg Productions of Toronto, after completing Martin Lager's *Trick, Count Stroganoff and Me*, have announced a slew of features for the future: John Craig's *In Council Rooms Apart*, Martin Lager's *Centennial Express*, and *Banting*, as well as several TV projects. *Trick* was shot in Ontario with actors Jan Rubes, Jim Henshaw, Danny Forbes, Susan Petrie, Paul Bradley. T.A. Kramreither produced, Bill Davidson directed, Sam Jephcott was production manager. Bob Brooks was director of photography, John Eckert handled first A.D., editor is Tony Lower, and the story concerns a trio who set out for adventure and good times.

Journey into Fear has wrapped in Vancouver, and currently shooting in that city is *Kosygin is Coming*, a British film based on Canadian Tom Ardies' novel. Star is George Segal. The film is being made under the Eady plan by producer Elliot Kastner and financier/TV magnate Sir Lew Grade. Another Vancouver project, though not a feature, is Michael Asti-Rose's *Silent Movie*, made on a \$3000 grant from the Ontario Arts Council. Rose is attempting to make a facsimile of Twenties films, complete with stutter and high contrast. A scion of a wealthy family makes a pact with the devil. Rose says it's a Faust/Keaton tragicomedy. (See *Vancouver production in this issue for other developments.*—ed.)

Two features are currently beginning photographed in Toronto as I write. One

is Joyce Weiland's *The Far Shore*, based on the Group of Seven member Tom Thomson and is set prior to World War One. Executive Producer is Chalmers Adams and associate producer is Judy Steed. Richard Leiterman is cinematographer, Anne Pritchard is Art Director, Marilyn Stonehouse is production manager, Tony Lucibello is first A.D., and sound is by Rod Haykin. Cast includes Céline Lomez, Frank Moore, and Sean McCann. Script is by director Weiland and Bryan Barney.

And Quadrant Films has announced a caper comedy for a six week shoot in Toronto. Called *It Seemed Like a Good Idea at the Time*, it features Anthony Newley, Stephanie Powers, Lloyd Bochner, Henry Ramer, Yvonne de Carlo, Moya Fenwick, John Candy and Isaac Hayes. Director is John Trent, producer is David Perlmutter, and cinematographer is Harry Makin. Quadrant also plans to shoot a British-style comedy in December in Germany starring Leslie Philips. And *Sunday in the Country*, the last Perlmutter/Trent feature, will premier in twenty-five theatres in the Tampa-St. Petersburg area in November. Canadian openings are planned for Christmas.

Future projects include *Ultimatum*, based on Richard Rohmer's novel. A first draft screenplay by Lionel Chetwynd has been given to the co-producers, the CBC and Vision IV. A winter shoot is planned in Toronto and the Arctic. Budget is \$700,000. Ted Kotcheff and Mordecai Richler are developing the Richler novel *Cocksure* for feature treatment. Denys and Claude Héroux are now discussing filming Roch Carrier's *La Guerre Yes Sir*. Norman McLaren plans a feature about animation.



Ted Kotcheff

Producer Maxine Samuels is developing two half-hour dramas for the CBC that are by and about women. One is *The Ottawa Valley*, based on a story by Alice Munro, adapted by Anna Reiser,

directed by Janine Manatis, and starring Madelaine Sherwood. The other is *Summer Mornings '59* by Beth Haver adapted by Nika Rylski, directed by Danièle J. Suissa and starring Elizabeth Shepherd. And Vision IV is looking for Chinese actors and actresses of all ages for a TV pilot. The CBC is looking for an actress to play a sixty-five year old Middle European immigrant woman in a sitcom being developed by Perry Rosemond called *The King of Kensington*. Paul Hecht and a female lead have already been cast and one pilot shot.

If all the previous information confuses you, and you still can't resist the glamour of showbiz, a conference to be held January 17 and 18 at York University may help. Topic is The Business of Film, and co-sponsors are York, the Canadian Filmmakers' Distribution Centre and Ryerson's Photo Arts department. Panels are still to be set at our press time, but some topics to be discussed will probably include Marketing, Legal (contracts, rights, unions, distribution agreements), raising money, and so on. The CBC will participate as well as the NFB. A shorts program is also planned, to include commercially successful works. The conference is free but pre-registration is required. Contact Marie Waisberg at the Distribution Centre or send in the card elsewhere in this issue. Types of shorts that fit the conference are educational, TV, commercial, and features too. No sponsored or industrial films. (406 Jarvis St. Toronto.)

FESTIVALS Festivals, Awards, Honours

A partial version of the Canadian Film Awards was held this year on November 15th at Toronto's Four Seasons Sheraton Hotel. Sponsored by the Canadian Film and Television Association (formerly the AMPPLC), awards were presented for sponsored films made by the private sector. Seventy-three entries competed and the following were presented with awards at a well-attended gathering: Best Public Relations film: *Today's Firefighters* (Crawley Films); Sales Promotion; *Terex 33-15* (Editcomm); Travel and Recreation: *Toronto* (Drege Audio); Nature and Wildlife: *Land of the Big Ice* (Keg Productions); Sports: *With Flying Colours* (Insight Productions); Educational: *Edge of Evolution* (Gordon Hinch); Instructional: *Goodnight Little Foal* (Moreland-Latchford); TV Information and Public Affairs: *The Perlmutter Story* (Sunrise Films and Media Labs); Theatrical Short: *Along these Lines* (Immedia);



Shooting "The Perlmutter Story"

Special Jury Award: Life Times Nine (Insight Productions). Craft Awards were presented to Paul Saltzman for directing *The Perlmutter Story*; Bob Brooks, Peter Allies, Jack Long, Doug McKay for cinematography for *Stamper in Scarlet*; Flo McHugh for the script of *Goodnight Little Foal*; Ron Wisman for editing of *Along These Lines*; Paddy Cunningham for sound on *Along These Lines*; Maurice Solway for music in *The Violin*. Best Film was *The Perlmutter Story*.

Crawley Films' thirty-nine years in business was the subject of a special salute by the Canadian Film Institute in Ottawa during November and December. Janis had its Canadian premier on December 1st, and other features shown included *The Luck of Ginger Coffey*, *The Annanacks*, and *Amanita Pestilens*. Shorts shown included their first commercial effort *Canadian Power*, as well as *Canadian Landscape*, 1941, an episode of the 1959 TV series *R.C.M.P.*, *Portage*, 1941, *Newfoundland Scene*, 1951, *Beaver Dam*, 1954, *Legend of the Raven*, 1957, *Motion*, 1967, *Today's Firefighters*, 1973.

Along These Lines, the Peter Pearson-directed short made to celebrate Bell Canada's centennial, is the only Canadian film to be accepted at the New York Film Festival. . . . The NFB computer film *Hunger* won a Gold Hugo for best animated short at the Chicago Festival, and a gold medal at the Barcelona International Week of Cinema in Colour. Artist Péter Földes did the work. . . . Arthur Lamôthe's *La Chasse aux Montagnais* has been accepted for competition at the Leipzig International Festival, marking the first time a film representing Québec has been shown in competition. . . . Morley Markson's *Monkeys in the Attic* was judged Best Foreign Film at Toulon's International Festival of Young Cinema. . . . In October at the Bucharest festival, seven Québec programs were presented in co-operation with the Cinémathèque

québécoise. . . .

The Eleventh Annual Wilderness Awards were presented recently. Best TV film of 1973 was *Nain (People of Torngots)*, produced for the CBC's Newfoundland series *Land and Sea*. Also honoured were *Norman*, a film for CBLT's *Of All People*; Harry Rasky; producer Jean La Letarte, cameramen Bill Brayne, Ian Matheson; composer Louis Applebaum; actress Jackie Burroughs; soundman Stan Sellen and Bill McClelland. . . . The Sixth Canadian Student Film Festival was held at Concordia University in Montreal and was sponsored by Famous Players. The Norman McLaren prize was won by Christopher Windsor of Simon Fraser University for a silent movie serial spoof called *Trapper Dan*. Montreal filmmakers Joyce Borenstein and Veronika Soul also won prizes. (See feature article in this issue.—ed.) . . . The Centennial Planetarium in Calgary held a Canadian Film Night on October 23. NFB shorts were shown. . . . At the Sitges Fantastic and Terror Film Festival in October the Best Photography Award was presented to Jean Beaudin for *The Possession of Virginia*. . . .

Filmexpo in Ottawa was held through only one week this year, in early November (because of lack of funds) but many features, including a great number of Canadian and North American premieres, were shown. Programming was begun by Alex Grant, who moved to Archives, and continued by Wayne Clarkson. . . . More news about Sorrento Festival, this year starring Canada. The Canadian delegation flew to the Milan airport only to find it on strike. Nine of the eleven features had Italian subtitles. *Paperback Hero* was the most popular feature with the locals, who jammed the theatre and mobbed the participants. Italian movie industry people came and went during the fest. Every Italian newspaper gave a half-page coverage daily, and 118 journalists from seven countries attended; none were from Canada's English press. Best actor was Chuck Shamata and best actress Geneviève Bujold. The showbiz paper *Variety* remarked on the "surprising freshness and variety of Canadian cinema," and added, "Sorrento's image of a purely cultural showcase with no commercial overtones may also be changing." And "Canadian cinema reveals itself to be strangely introspective, socially engaged, honest, often minutely scrutinizing."

The Chicago Festival in November saw *Why Rock the Boat?* and *Il était une fois dans l'est* representing Canadian features. . . . Videoscape opened at the Ontario Gallery of Art on November 20. Billed as "A survey of primarily Cana-

dian contemporary video art," it featured works by Richard Sierra, Lisa Steele, Colin Campbell, Marty Dunn, Vito Acconci. . . . Another AGO program was the running of four evenings of Canadian experimental films free to the public. Arrangements were by National Gallery and Canadian Filmmakers' Distribution Centre. . . . Moreland-Latchford has won two awards for educational films at the 22nd Columbus Film Festival in October. Three hundred entries competed. M-L's winners were *Teeth: People are Smarter than Germs* in the Health/Medicine category, and *Christmas in Pioneer Times* in the social studies category. . . . The Fourth International Festival in 16mm was held in Montreal from October 22-27, organised by the Independent Filmmakers' Coop. Twenty features and forty shorts from twelve countries were shown. Guests included Massino Mingrone from Rome, Stephane Tchalgadjieff and Adolfo Arrieta from Paris, Yves Yersin from Zurich and Mark Rappaport from the U.S.A. A selection of the films was shown in Vancouver from November 2-7. . . .

Famous Players, seriously considering pulling out of the Student Film Festival, has launched a financial aid program in York University's Film Department. The Famous Players Bursary Fund, awarded on the advice of the governors, is made up of the Maple Leaf Award, a \$100 prize to the top graduating student, and \$1400 divided as needed for students entering fourth year in need of financial aid. The Student Film Festival, billed at \$5000 annually, is causing Famous to have second thoughts. A closed competition where entries cannot be shown elsewhere, lack of publicity follow-up, Western resistance to Montreal, and other reasons mean that one more year will be tried, after which a decision will be made. Famous will continue to sponsor annual events at the CNE in Toronto. . . .

The CSC and CFE awards/dinner and dance was held November 23rd at Toronto's Four Season's Sheraton Hotel. Prize categories include drama feature, documentary, industrial, sound, commercials, and educational. Judging the editors' achievements will be Fletcher Markle, Grahame Woods, Grant McLean, Robin Chetwynd, Gerald Potterton, and others. Winners will be announced in our next issue. (See *CSC Assignments in this issue for a list of winners*. . . . ed.) . . . Reel Feelings, the second annual evening of Canadian films was held on October 25th at Toronto's St. Lawrence Centre. Shown were *Life X Nine*, *The Violin*, *The Perlmutter Story*, experimental works of Jim Anderson, Keith Lock, and Michael

Snow. The evening was sponsored by the Public Affairs Department of Toronto Arts Productions and the Toronto Filmmakers' Co-op. . . . (See *Co-op* page. . . . ed.)

A Film Festival/Seminar will be held at the Banff Centre School of Fine Arts from January 23 to 26. Topic is contemporary Canadian cinematography, and co-chairmen are Richard Leiterman and John Katz. Goals are "To provide a professional calibre learning workshop/seminar to apprentice and journeyman cinematographers and production personnel within the Western Canadian Film community. To foster interaction and dialogue between various elements in the western film community. Also to initiate relationships between western and eastern filmmakers. To increase awareness of technical and equipment resources available in the market. To raise the profile of Canadian feature films to Alberta movie-attending audiences." Twenty-four to forty participants will examine, through showings of full and excerpted features, documentaries, journalism, and so on. Possibly attending will be Marc Champion, Doug McKay and Eddie Hunter. . . . St. Lawrence College in Cornwall, Ontario has run two Canadian filmmakers series from September to December as part of its evening program. One is a 'Canada: Film Pack,' consisting of historical and new features, and the other is 'Canada: Culture Pack,' which includes the National Gallery/Canadian Filmmakers series.

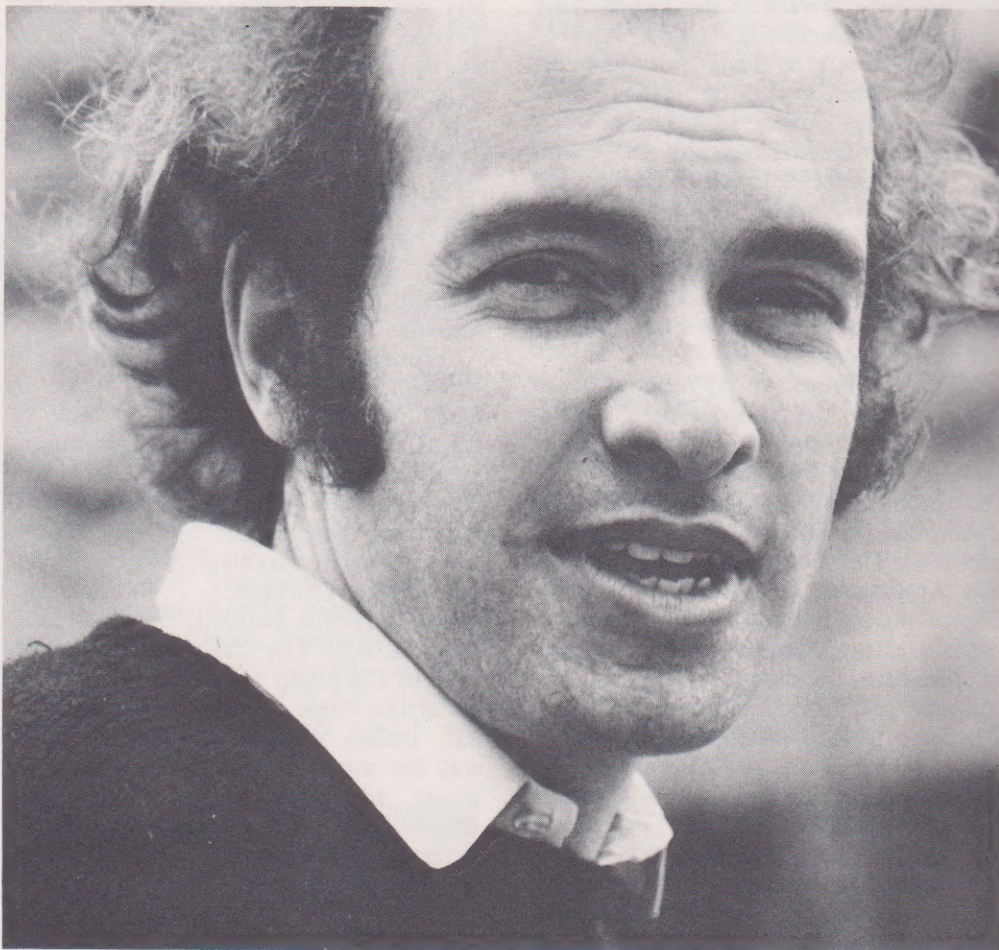
Filmpeople/Random notes

Carol Laure won a court injunction against Québec release of *Sweet Movie*. She wanted a scene cut wherein she holds a penis. . . . Donald Lautrec reached an agreement with director Claude Fournier over a scene from *La Pomme, la Queue, et les Pepins*, wherein Lautrec objected to use of a double's penis and substituted a stick under a blanket. . . . So much for sex, now dollars: *Paperback Hero* will open in New York January 19 and in the rest of the U.S. January 31. . . . *Duddy Kravitz* was listed at No.5 position in *Variety's* Top Grossers for October 16th week. Take to that date was \$1.5 million. Sales to Britain have arranged a January opening, and four other countries are negotiating. Producer John Kemény plans an American co-production, *The Captors*, a kidnap story with an international cast. . . . Crawley's feature, *Janis*, distributed by Universal in the U.S. grossed \$16,000 in its first two weeks at San Francisco's 342 seat Vogue theatre. . . .



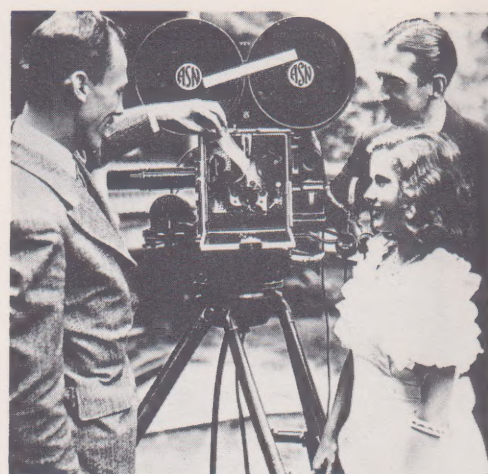
Sylvia Spring

David Acomba



The August Films-Vision IV production *Black Christmas*, might be the first English Canadian film to have the American distribs come begging. In a short Toronto run, the pic has made \$350,000. Breakeven is expected to be reached in Canada. . . .

Director Sylvia Spring has been handling Ontario ETV's *Nightmusic* program. . . . Robert Charlebois is appearing in French filmmaker Gerard Piers' *Black Vacation* with Jean-Louis Trintignant. . . . Director David Acomba, due to response to a screening of his CBC *Charlebois* special, was asked to make the film of George Harrison's North American tour; Acomba will also pro-



Gordon Sparling, Roy Tash, and Canada's *Loveliest Child* (1923)

duce several shows for Ontario ETV. . . . Odeon Theatres has had some executive changes. Chairman and president Chris Salmon retains his chairman's seat, but former Vice president H. Blumson now gets the big job. Will that make any difference to the Canadian film industry? . . . York University Film Program founder James Beveridge is on sabbatical, but he's busy. Completing a book on John Grierson, he's shot half of a documentary on master Japanese craftsmen and is preparing a series on the social history of India. . . .

Gordon Sparling, 74, was presented with the 1974 Canadian Film Institute Award for "continuing and creative con-

tributions to the development of Canadian cinema." Award was presented by CFI president Jean Clavel of Filmexpo's closing night. Sparling started as a title writer in 1925, went on to work on the feature *Carry on Sergeant*, produced theatrical shorts in the 30's, and worked for the NFB after the war. He's currently writing a book on early Canadian cinema. . . . Chalmers Adams has been appointed executive producer of CBC's *The Collaborators* for next year. Joining him will be John Saxon as associate script editor. . . . Eric Till is planning a series on Canadian historical personalities. . . . Zelda Heller, formerly a translator, has joined the script department. . . . Geoffrey Gilbert, a producer/writer for British series *Special Branch* and *Van de Valk*, has joined the *Collaborators* as story editor/script consultant. . . . George Bloomfield will be executive producer for thirteen half-hour video shows, out of his directors' workshops. . . . And literary manager David Helwig held a three week writers' workshop in October on popular or series TV. Participants included Don Bailey, Sara Bowser, Don Cameron, Joy Fielding, Larry Fineberg, Michael Mercer, Norman Snider, and Sharon Pollock. . . . And Donald Pilon officially left the *Collaborators* as of October 27. . . . Julius Kohányi is still looking for shorts for his Canadian filmmakers series. . . . *I.F. Stone's Weekly*, by Jerry Bruck, had its North American TV premier on CBC October 27. (See feature article in this issue. . . . ed.) . . . *Dreamland: A History of Canadian Movies, 1895 to 1939*, was shown on CBC October 9th. . . . CTV's heritage series showed Bill Fruet's program *Italy* on November 5th. Richard Leiterman was cinematographer and Arla Saare was editor for the effort. . . . And CTV will present four children's specials by Potterton, one an oscar nominee and the other three North American premiers. Titles are *The Selfish Giant*, *The Little Mer-*

"The Selfish Giant"



maid, *The Happy Prince*, *The Christmas Messenger* — all sponsored by Mattel with substantial monies from *Readers' Digest*.

Crawley Films has announced executive changes. Herbert Taylor CSC moves from Toronto to Ottawa as camera department head and producer-director. David McDougall, in production at Ottawa, becomes Toronto Sales Manager. McDougall recently wrote an interesting thesis for a university degree. Topic was the Canadian Film Industry, and next issue we'll present his recommendations and comments. . . . Canada Council Senior Arts Grants (up to \$15,000 to work freely) were won by Roger Frappier, Barry Pearson, Al Razutis, and Arden Rynew in the film categories. . . . Film music accompanist Horace Lapp has received a Canada Council grant to write his autobiography. Lapp started out as pianist for silent films. . . . John Bilney has directed a film on Toronto's Crippled Civilians for Rose-Magwood productions. . . .

York University will offer a limited enrollment program of Master of Fine Arts in Film starting next year. . . . The CRTC is considering fifty-eight briefs on Canadian content in commercials. . . . Toronto International Film Studios are for sale for almost two million dollars. NTA, which got them as part of the deal in acquiring International Film Distributors from Nat Taylor and his partners, has been losing money on the place. . . . Studio Centre has been losing money, too, but Bruce Raymond bought it, in a deal where he'll lease for two years then own. Company was plagued by bankruptcy and too many owners. . . . IMAX will be used for the American Bicentennial film *The American Centuries*, a \$2 million dollar epic to be shown in Philadelphia and featuring the American image superstars. . . . New Cinema Enterprises presented Jean-Pierre Gorin at Toronto's Revue Cinema in late November. Gorin is Jean-Luc Godard's co-director, and two efforts were shown: *Tout va bien* and *A letter to Jane*. . . . The Independent Filmmakers' Co-op has issued a supplement catalogue of 120 films available in addition to the 350 available in the main catalogue. Write them at 2026 Ontario East, Montreal H2K 1V3. . . . Michael Snow's latest feature had its world premier at Ottawa's National Gallery November 5th. Titled *Rameau's Nephew* by Diderot (Thanx to Dennis Young) by Wilma Shoen, it's almost five hours long, divided into twelve sections, each a "detailed exploration of the relationships between verbal and visual languages." . . . Alex McCallum has opened International Casting House to serve the west. He's been in showbiz for twenty-five years, and has temporary offices at 2555 W.

14th Ave. in Vancouver. He'll move to Panorama Film Studios soon. . . .

L'Association Québécoise des critiques de cinéma (AQCC) held its first annual meeting October 1st. President Gilles Marsolais was re-elected, v-p is Yves Lever (*Relations*); secretary-treasurer is André Roy (*Independent*); directors are Luc Perrault (*La Presse*), Claude Daigneault (*Le Soleil*). It was decided to continue committee actions to study technical conditions, and the use of the French language in technical houses, and to promote and defend Quebec cinema of all forms. The Prix de la critique québécoise was established, to be given annually to the director of a feature film. . . . André Melançon visited the Grenoble, France Region on behalf of Cinéma Québécoise to promote the distribution of French Canadian films in local communities. It's part of a joint government-filmmaker plan.

After several years of accumulated dust, Jack Christie and Michael Hirsh's epic *Voulez-vous couchez avec God?* has finally had the Censor Board's ban lifted. . . . Ronald Blumer (see *Review: The Lost Tribe*) will soon be teaching a workshop in Super-8 in Frobisher Bay to Inuit people. . . . Graduate of CBC's Director's Workshop Deborah Peaker will have a half-hour dramatic piece aired soon. She is best remembered as the producer/director/editor of the documentaries on the Ethiopian famine for which Adrienne Clarkson won her ACTRA Award last year. . . . Producer of Leonard Yakir's *Mourning Suit*, Len Klady, is reportedly casting for another feature. . . . Morley Markson recently gave a paper on Cinema and The Future at University of Toronto. . . . John Board has completed an exciting feature script and is working on getting it produced in the near future. . . . Guy Bergeron of Association coopérative des productions audio-visuelles is now teaching at Simon Fraser's Film Workshop. . . . Vincent Vaitiekunas is back in Toronto teaching at York University. . . . Vancouver Sun's Les Wedman recently interviewed Secretary of State Hugh Faulkner (should be an exciting article to wait for). . . . Manitoba Minister Leonard Evans seems to be shaking up that province's attitude towards filmmaking. The Winnipeg Co-op has received a sizable grant to produce films. . . . Ontario meanwhile is seemingly deaf/dumb/blind to what has been coined by Jack Grey as our Cultural Industries (à la Oil Industry, etc.) but there is hope on the horizon in the imminent future. . . .

The Canadian Association of Motion Picture Producers is reportedly interested in reviving the Canadian Film Awards next year. . . . George Csaba Koller (our Favourite Canadian Film

Magazine's Publisher) has used his vacation to shoot a half-hour experimental film tentatively called **Co-ordinated Universal Time**. . . . The Council of Canadian Filmmakers is planning a mammoth, *constructive* symposium scheduled for late March in Niagara-on-the-Lake (see CCFM page). . . . Suzanna Plowright is completing a documentary on a lady who was an intimate friend of several of the Group of Seven. . . . The National Film Board recently invited a group of active filmwomen to discuss the role of freelance sound recordists/cinematographers/et al in the Women's Production Unit. (Next year will be International Women's Year). . . . And last but not least, Shelby M. Gregory (stuntman/actor) and Paul Bradley (*Wedding in White*, etc.) among others, are planning to travel from Kleinburg Studios to Edmonton in covered wagons and film the entire journey! Scheduled departure date is April Fool's Day, 1975.

CBLT Preview

Watching television after the 11:00 p.m. news presents the viewer with two choices: movies that are badly cut or talk shows that are mindless. Neither offers much for someone who considers himself to be alive. Then you have CBLT, the Toronto CBC outlet and flagship station of the network. They've gone a step further, and offered superior movies according to a master plan. Now that's about to be scrapped. But the turn will be to anything but mindlessness, especially if Ross Maclean has anything to do with it.

And he does. He's been hired on a freelance contract to redesign local programming, and he's going to, as he puts it, "upend the schedule." Maclean, who reached notoriety unseen in Canadian broadcasting when he put one of the best shows on the air, *This Hour has Seven Days*, has revamped the local programming to reflect a wider audience, a wider responsibility and a larger physical region. All this in the most diverse TV market in North America, with anywhere from eleven to fifteen stations readily available to viewers, and seven serving the Toronto area alone.

"CBLT has to define itself," says Maclean. "The other stations are, and we must too. CBLT has to be more than just the flagship station. Of course we also have to do some of the jobs the others are doing, too, because it's part of our mandate. But mainly we can't get parochial about what CBLT covers. So many things are palpable to our audience.

And we have an immediate responsibility to correct a balance. There are now so many media outlets in Toronto that a talk show guest can keep busy continuously between print, radio and TV. There are many groups and individuals, though, who don't get exposure or who deserve better treatment. There's so much talent and talented activity around that must be seen."

Maclean has very few slots in the schedule to work with — in fact there are shows he'd rather do at other times, but he hasn't got the slots. The revamping of the midnight period is most interesting, and his plans stem from a definite view of what his audience will respond to at that particular hour. "Humour can make a difference in audience sizes. I have some sympathy with the public as it gets to be midnight. I can excuse not being up for solemn. A traditional talk show format is better at ten to eleven p.m. in this country. We're not as much a stay-up people. We need entertainment that is more solid.

"At the same time it's important to realise one thing about television. We act as if TV is not one of the phenomenal aspects of our lives. TV should talk about TV more. It's more than a pastime, it's obsessive. It's replaced reality for many people."

Maclean calls himself a media consumer. "I'm a print freak, and, oh, everything. I expose myself to more sources than almost any of my colleagues." All of these influences and ideas, and especially what he sees as a commitment to the medium and the audience, have resulted in a schedule that shows much promise for those of us who don't turn off our brains when the clock strikes twelve or on Sunday, that Day of Rest.

Sunday midnight will feature *Such is Life*, a personal expression of former cameraman, director and producer Bob Gibbons. It's "splendidly free-form and full of surprises. It's not a late-night talk show. It won't resemble any existing format. Bob will be looking for the essence of this region, much as he did with *All about Toronto*. He'll have more scope in this one.

"Monday we'll show *Bony*, an Australian series about a black detective in Africa. And Wednesday will feature another import, the British series *Crimes of Passion*. Friday we'll have *Rock Concert*, followed by a movie, and Saturday we'll have a double feature.

"On Tuesday Barbara Frum will have a one hour show. The emphasis will be on her and her interests. It's a forum for the exercise and application of what I think is one of the most agile minds in journalism. Thursday we'll alternate entertainment specials, short clusters of features, sports specials with regional

emphasis, and a new show called *Testing One Two Three*, which will be used to develop pilots, program formats and talents that deserve to be looked at.

"The supper hour and late evening strips are going to be strengthened. The news shows are now called *Twenty Four Hours* and *Final Edition*. The old names were much too confining and local. *Twenty-four Hours* has all new people, and it's the best operation I've ever observed. The relationships developing are humanising the show.

"And on Sunday at noon we'll have *Time Out*, with Robin Christmas as producer. It's a guide to pleasure in Southern Ontario. It'll deal with the arts by observing and reviewing, and other experiences will be included too. It's about uses of leisure, as well as being a gathering place for people not usually seen on TV. There will be a definite priority given to those who are least publicised. It won't be elitist or snobbish. We want none of that."

In summarizing *Time Out*, Maclean returns again to what seems like his philosophy for his efforts: "It's a very important part of our program service." With the emphasis on the last word — service.

Vancouver Independent Filmmakers

Back in September, the National Film Theatre (a division of the Canadian Film Institute) devoted a portion of its monthly program to Vancouver's Independent Filmmakers. Over 30 short films by well-known (in West Coast film circles anyway) filmmakers such as Kirk Tougas, Tom Braidwood, Dave Rimmer, Peter Bryant and Bill Roxborough were presented.

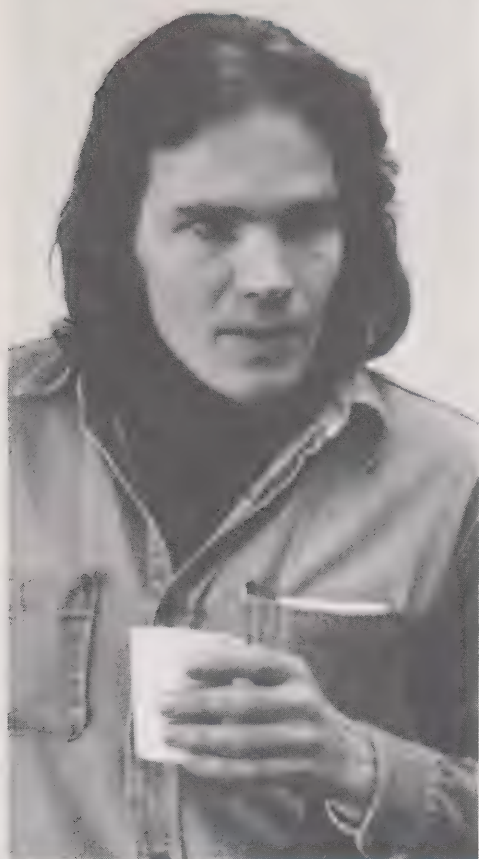
However, the mini-festival held at the National Library Auditorium, met with little reaction here in Ottawa.

The seven film nights were badly attended, according to Alex Grant, former director of the National Film Theatre. The general reaction from the people who did attend was mixed.

The festival was an ideal opportunity to expose West Coast filmmaking to Ottawans, but whether Ottawans were unsure of the quality of films or didn't care, the Festival was not entirely successful.

The Pacific Cinematheque selected the program of films and the National Film Theatre (who should be commended for trying to create an interest in these films) provided the brochure and the facilities.

Some of the more interesting films included Kirk Tougas' *The Politics of*



David Rimmer

Perception, a stimulating promotional film advertising a popular Hollywood thriller which repeats several sequences in the film until the image and sounds disintegrate with each repetition.

Bill Boxborough's **Imaged Dream** was a lyrical, beautiful film of images of faces and landscapes which communicated a certain reality to the audience.

Three short films by Tom Braidwood, **Backbone**, an experimental film utilizing repeating image loops, explored the relationship of war/death/mechanization to life and liberation; **Wind From The West** was a short film composed of lyric colour photographs which were animated to give a soft visual texture; and his third film, **Willow**, was a study of abstraction and a subtle, poetic exploration of the way we construct and see our world. These films were the main highlights of the series.

It is hoped in the future, more of Canada's unknown artists-filmmakers are given a chance to expose their films to the public (whether it be in Ottawa or the East Coast) but hopefully with better appreciation and interest.

-Tony Lofaro

CINEMA CANADA BACK ISSUES

Dear Readers,

First of all, we'd like to thank all of you for your support, which is responsible for Cinema Canada being in its third year of publishing!

Many subscribers write asking about back issues of Cinema Canada. All are available except for Issue No.3 (Wedding in White, Jean-Pierre Lefebvre, IATSE disputes, Cannes 1972)

The following is by no means a precise index, but it does list some of the highlights of each issue. Not listed, of course, are regular features such as Film News, Technical News, reports from all over Canada, and all the other goodies you've come to know and love. . . .

1 Norman C. Allin CSC, Harry Makin CSC, Richard Leiterman

2 **The Rowdyman, La Vraie Nature de Bernadette**, CBC/NABET dispute, major Federal Brief on Film Policy, Anomie.

4 **Vidéographe, Mirror Mirror, Journey, La Région Centrale**, Rodin, Filmexpo.

5 Canadian Film Awards, Stratford and Student Film Festivals, **La Vie Revée, Carnivals**, N.Y. Women's Film Festival, On Location: Southeast Asia.

6 **August & July, True North**, P.E.I. Films, Industry Panels, Film Policy Briefs, Montreal production Co-op.

7 **La mort d'un Bûcheron, IXE 13, Le Temps d'Une Chasse**, Kamouraska, Vancouver Independents, visiting Hungarian director Gaál.

8 Don Owen, **Rainbow Boys**, AMPPLC Conference. CCFM, Richard Hellman.

9 **L'Infonie Inachevée**, IMAX creator Graeme Ferguson, Norman McLaren, Cannes 1973, Women & Film Festival, Montreal Report.

10/11 (Special Double Issue)

The Pyx, Paperback Hero, U-Turn, Slipstream, Between Friends, Micheline Lanctôt, Sarah's War, Canadian Film Awards.

12 Filmexpo, Art Form of 90's, Stratford Film Festival, CCFM Film Policy, **Shakespeare Murders**.

13 Film Schools, Insight Productions, Moving Art, Montreal Main, **Wolf Pen Principle**, Gilles Carle, Réjeanne Padovani, Winnipeg Symposium, Jodorowsky.

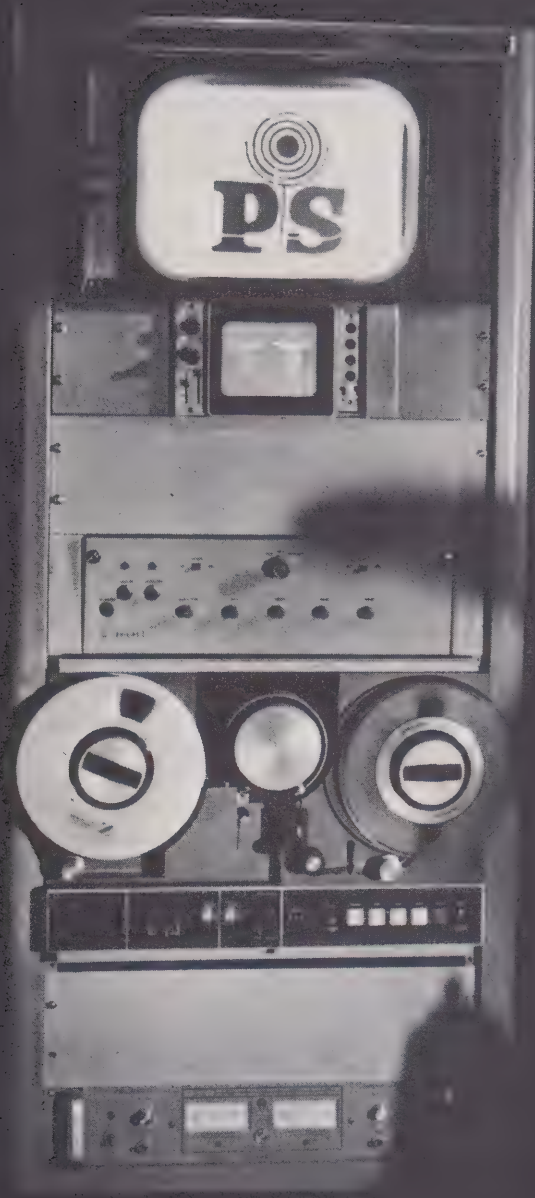
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Lies My Father Told Me will finally open in early 1975 in Montreal. Jan Kadar's long-awaited and much-delayed comedy drama from the screenplay by Ted Allan is based on Allan's boyhood in Montreal's immigrant community in the 1920's. Produced by Harry Gulkin and Anthony Bedrich, distributed by Astral Films, **Lies My Father Told Me** is a *Pentimento* and *Pentacle VIII* production starring Yossi Yadin, Len Birman, Marilyn Lightstone and introducing Jeffrey Lynas. Some production stills:



1. Yossi Yadin as the Grädfather
2. Jan Kadar, DOP Paul Van der Linden and Producer Harry Gulkin
3. Jeffrey Lynas as David with Grandfather
4. David and his friend Cleo (Cleo Paskal)
5. Jeffrey Lynas and Yossi Yadin
6. Ted Allan as Mr. Baumgarten
7. The Elias family
8. Marilyn Lightstone
9. Jan Kadar on set



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TECHNICAL NEWS

"It Might be Done With Mirrors" The Mirrophonic Story

As a film industry grows in Canada, supportive technical resources must appear and grow along with it, and those resources must keep up with the state of the art to be of the ultimate advantage. There are filmmakers who contend, and I've heard it personally a number of times, that all those supportive services in Canada on which filmmakers depend, are strictly second-rate compared to what can be done in the Big Apple and all those places in the romantic Southwest. But let's take a stand on that kind of thing right here and now and say that this is absolute crap.

All of the professional labs, sound studios, optical houses, editing houses, and most of the rental houses maintain standards as high if not higher than those anywhere. They may not make as big a show of it, and those of us at Cinema Canada only wish that some day they will all decide to take advantage of our pages to run glossy colour ads showing us all just how well they do their jobs like the folks to the south do. But we are sympathetic that because we are in a young industry, much more of the time and money must be devoted to internal development, and there cannot be much left for tooting the old horn.

It is always interesting to have a talk with the people that are making the attempt to develop something new. The example that I will deal with this time is the most modern, efficient and productive sound studio in North America, Mirrophonic Sound, a division of Quinn Laboratories. Quinn Labs is another story in itself, and while that story should make good reading, let's just have the background as Findlay Quinn spending several years as lab manager at the National Film Board, then several more at Film House, and then branching out for himself and establishing an independent lab. Quinn Labs has become widely respected for the quality of work they turn out, and for the outspoken and well-respected reaction of Quinn himself to the state of the industry.

The logical expansion for an operation like Quinn Labs was to become involved in a modern sound studio, one capable of providing a complete sound service, from transferring right through to mixing and ending up by making the

optical track. All this work is done under the strictest supervision of some of the most qualified and experienced film sound people in the world. And they work on the newest available equipment which allows them a superb creative capability.

It started a few years back, when Ken Healey Ray was producing sound for *The Neptune Factor* and the first Ontario Place Imax film, *North of Superior*. By the way, Ken was responsible for the design of the sound reproduction system at Cinesphere, and although he has never been completely satisfied with the way it turned out, it's generally recognized as a major achievement in the world of film sound. Both the above films required very special creations for their sound tracks, and Ken soon found that there was not a facility here to accomplish the effects he needed. Two years ago there was nowhere to get a variable speed dubber, no chance of finding sufficient mixing facility to put together the multiple tracks for *North of Superior*, short of phone lines between Cinesphere and Film House and a couple of other studios. There wasn't a house that could

provide the effects from a library. The variable speed dubber that was needed for *Neptune Factor* was eventually built as a breadboard operation by a staffer at Pathé, Bill O'Neill, the kind of guy who knows that nothing is impossible, especially those things that most people think *are* impossible. It turned out to be the start of a most beneficial team.

Healey Ray and O'Neill got together with Quinn, and the idea of a sound studio was born. Magna-tech had in the very first stages the plans for sound mixing system that uses computer-controlled dubbers that can run in sync at 6 times sync speed, or 144 frames per second. (That's 216 feet per minute in 16mm, or 540 feet per minute in 35mm). This is in either direction! The advantage of course, is that if an error happens during a mix be it the fault of the mixer, or of the sound editor, or if the director just doesn't like what the thing sounded like, the roll-back to start, either of the reel or just the scene, takes almost no time at all. And the equipment is, of course, capable of making a pick-up in the mix with no audible difference in the track.

The other capability of the Mirro-

Multiple floor surfaces under the carpet in Studio B, to replace the movement sounds.



Harris Kirshenbaum

phonic system is perhaps the most fascinating. There aren't words to describe what goes on in the machine room when up to 28 35mm dubbers are running at 90 fpm, and they suddenly stop, reverse at 540 fpm, then roll forward again. The projector does the same thing, naturally. But if you can take a stroll into Studio B, where dialogue replacement goes on, you begin to see that things are certainly different here at Mirrophonic. First of all, those new tracks that are being recorded are not done to loops cut out of the slash print. Only the reel of film itself is taken in. Then it's put on to computer control, and the computer console beside the mixing board takes over. The operator dials in the footage, right down to the frame number. Then by manipulating the console, and hitting the start button, the film runs through the scene, rewinds at high speed, and starts again. If the performer is ready to record, he selects one of the three tracks on the 35mm mag, and as the film rolls, it shunts into record at the frame where the dialogue starts. The actor records it, the system shuttles back to the beginning and plays it back. If it's alright, the next scene is dialed in and they move on, or if they want to do it again, just push the button.

What does that mean to the filmmaker? Simply this — if it's necessary to replace dialogue on a film, it is not necessary to spend any of the time usually involved in making loops, lacing them up individually, matching them with the master track, breaking them down, and laying them into the original material. The reel that comes off the recorder when the dubbing session is over is ready to use as a dialogue track. This should result in a saving of at least 1/3 the time involved, and up to 2/3. As an example, currently dialogue for the film *Gabriele* is being replaced. This will



Ken Healey Ray (centre) and staff preparing tracks, in one of the Microphonic Editing Rooms.

involve some 2/3 of the entire track, and will take no more than 10 days. This is the third feature film to get the Mirrophonic system work-over. Only *God Knows* and *Black Christmas* were the earlier two. In the last little while Robert Shaw was flown into town, picked up at the airport at 9A.M., taken right to the studio where he replaced dialogue on his entire film, and caught the 5 P.M. flight back to New York. If the actors are good enough, there is no reason why this can't happen on every film.

To see what the Mirrophonic gang can do, it's only necessary to have a look at *Black Christmas*. While we have no intention of using this column for a critique, it can be generally agreed upon that the most interesting part of that film is its technical resources. The manufactured sound effects and amazing quality of sound right through speak for themselves. And the quality of the pictures is as good as any. This is certainly thanks to the beautiful work of Reg Morris CSC, as D.O.P. on the shoot, but also the very fine lab work that went into the piece deserves its credit. A conversation with Findlay Quinn reveals that there was no CRI involved in the process. *Black Christmas* is a two-generation film, direct from 5247 to Interpos/Interneg and then to release prints. If you haven't seen it — you simply are not aware of the state of the art in motion picture production in Canada.

Bill O'Neill, Ken Healey Ray, and Nolan Roberts (recently imported from the post of chief of sound at Shepparton Studios) are more than happy to discuss the available resources at Mirrophonic Sound. In case there is any doubt, the rates for work at Mirrophonic are competitive, and although the 16mm facility is not complete yet, it will be in a month or so with the addition of high speed reversible 16mm projector. Right now they have to make do with conventional 16mm facility. But they also have, right on the premises, a huge stock of FX cartridges that can fill most needs. When those run out, just turn the boys loose, and they'll make anything else you need.

You'll find Mirrophonic in a plain unmarked brown building at 409 King Street West, near Spadina in Toronto. (416) 869-1781. □

For Sale: Uher 1000 Pilot Model Recorder, crystal-sync control, with rechargeable batteries, AC Power Supply Battery Charger and leather case. Pilot system is compatible with Nagra. In like-new condition. \$800.00. Contact Paul Tayler, (416) 270-2264.

STEENBECK EDITING ROOMS: 16/35 available at lowest Toronto price. Also night-owl shift for bargain hunters. The Cutting Corner, 43 Britain Street, Toronto (416) 361-1664.

EDITING: Do you need an editor for your film — or an assistant editor? The Canadian Film Editors Guild can find you one. Contact John Watson at (416) 535-2167.

FOR SALE: Magnasync/Moviola portable 16mm Recorder/Dubber. Includes all electronics in 2 cases. Nearly new. (416) 863-1113.

Producer interested in scripts for short (20-30 minute) fictional films. Please write: Quarry Films, 154 Stuart Street, Kingston, Ontario K7L 2V8.

Wanted: Good, experienced cameraman, assistant cameraman, sound recordist; with left-wing political beliefs, interested in working on films about social issues. Write to Box 161, Cinema Canada, 6 Washington Ave., No. 3, Toronto

FOR SALE: Canon FT/QL 35mm still camera. Good condition. Also includes 28mm f/3.5, 50mm f/1.8, 135mm f/3.5. Write Box 162, Cinema Canada, 6 Washington Ave., No. 3, Toronto M5S 1L2.

Mixing Board and Announce Booth in Studio A



VANCOUVER

Vancouver Production News

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The assassination thriller stars George Segal, with Val Avery and Denholm Elliott also in the cast. The producer is Jerry Bick, executive producer is Elliot Kastner. Cinematographer is Brian West. A British crew is working on the film along with members from I.A.T.S.E. The director is Lou Lombardo. Shooting began on November 12th and is scheduled for eight weeks.

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Another film nearing completion is **Potlatch**, an hour long documentary that includes dramatic reconstructions of the Potlatch trials. In the twenties Natives were persecuted for this ceremony and the potlatch was banned. The film is being produced by the Omista Society, of the Kwakiutl people. The aim of the film is to present a case for the reparation of Native artifacts. The film was shot in Alert Bay, Knight's Inlet and the Victoria Museum over the summer. Cinematographer was Tony Westman, with Fred Easton, Zale Dalen, Richard Patton and B.J. Clayden on the crew. The scripting was done by Brian Stein, Tom Shandel is the producer,

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Among the Canadian players are Wally Marsh, Hagen Beggs, Graham Jarvis and Alicia Ammon. Arnold Magolin penned the script.

In all, local actors took time off from meditation, taxi driving and real estate to pursue the golden tiger!

the
business\$
of film



Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Code _____

Telephone _____

Occupation _____

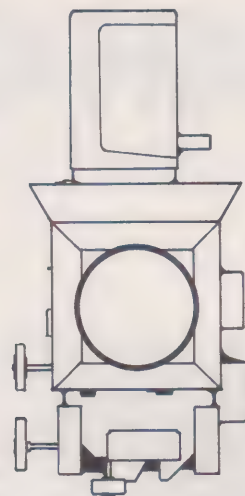
Company/Affiliation (if any) _____

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— Jack Ammon

the business\$\$ of film



an intensive day and a half seminar, to be held at

York University
January 17 and 18, 1975

probing the mysteries of production of commercial films, including

financing
legal problems
marketing

We will be bringing together many experts from the professional film community. Representatives from television, independent producers, lawyers, theatrical and non-theatrical distributors will be available to discuss existing methods of

- selling scripts and/or options
- raising money
- obtaining music and legal rights
- timing a film for specific markets
- fulfilling the basic needs of existing markets
- calculating what a film is worth and how long it will take to get it
- etc. . . .

There is no cost but pre-registration is essential as our capacity is limited to 250.

If you think you would like to attend or want more details, send us the attached postcard.

Co-sponsored by:

Canadian Filmmakers Distribution Centre

**Ryerson Polytechnical Institute,
Photographic Arts Department**

**Department of Film,
Faculty of Fine Arts,
York University.**

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— Peter Bryant

Last squeeze production zaps B.C.

Despite the multi-million **Journey Into Fear**, production has been scarce this year in the land of the Lotus, but it's having an extra 'squeeze' in a feature under the Eady Plan. Sir Lew Grade of International Television Corporation under Bull Dog Productions is funding the film, budgeted at \$1,800,000. The film is the brainchild of ex-Vancouver Sun writer Tom Ardies, who straddled his typewriter to ride himself to a more secure monetary base than that provided by the chain press, and came up with a novel "**Kosygin is Coming**", which has the potential of being a best-seller. It was good enough to encourage Sir Lew Grade to fund it and Executive Producer Elliot Kastner to oversee it. Kastner was the producer of last year's **Dog Pound Shuffle** with Ron Moody — also lensed entirely in this 'pinko' republic!

The feature deals with undercover work by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in its effort to prevent the assassination of the Soviet Premier during a trip to Canada. It has a cast beside Segal of Christima Raines, (**Sunshine**) Elliott Deham, (**Duddy Kravitz**), Gordon Jackson, (**Upstairs-Downstairs**), Richard Romanus, (**Mean Streets**).

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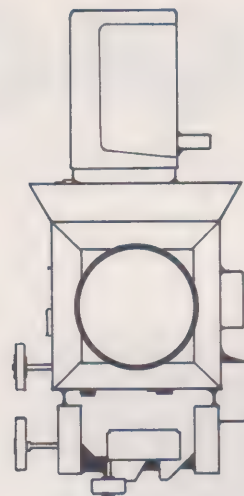
Despite all the flak from Toronto about production to be made in British Columbia, it seems as though independent foreign producers are skimming off the scenic attractions before the snow melts in the East. Apart from **Kosygin is Coming**, now rolling and utilizing all the attractions and otherwise of Vancouver, Victoria is next on the list.

Victoria was the scene for much filming of **Harry In Your Pocket** last year, now Thomas Hedley, a former editor of the defunct Toronto Telegram, and an Esquire Editor, provides the impetus for **Double Negative**, with a budget of \$2,000,000. Publicized as the most expensive feature to be shot in Canada, (which it is not, **Journey Into Fear** still holds that record: \$2,500,000 and all Canadian dough,) their budget is \$2,000,000. It is based on the book, 'The Three Roads,' by Ross MacDonald of California. Screen rights reputedly paid were \$50,000, according to promoters Archie MacDonnell and Associates.

Producer of **Double Negative** is Jerome S. Simon of Los Angeles. No leads have been settled at this time, and no local casting undertaken, although speculation is this will be done within a month.

— Jack Ammon

the business\$\$\$ of film



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Toronto, Ontario
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ROUGH CUT

This particular corner of your *Cinema Canada* magazine was started because many of my colleagues cried in their after-work beers about the dearth of information slanted particularly to *their* point of view. Magazines such as this one exist primarily from the monies derived from advertising. Therefore, much, or all of the "new products" literature is derived from company handouts, and in their view all such products are the newest, the best, and absolutely essential for the cameraman to update his ability to pay that second mortgage. I have no quarrel with trying to make much more money than I am now, but I resent the fact that since the inception of this series of articles, some people have tried to use me to expound the particularly fine properties of product "A" over product "B". All of us working stiffs in this profession have gone on "freebies" of one kind or another and it's great fun indeed. CBS "Sixty Minutes" had a very nice item on this problem several months ago and not much can be added to their exposé, but please rest assured that I will try to keep as white as the driven snow. Unless some one offers me that cool half a million??

Fade-In

Over the (too many) years that I have been in this racket, rumours have been drifting around on the so-called unfair practices of Braun Canada vide the importation of Arris. Horror stories about the Canadian customs agents acting like a far-flung network of private dicks confiscating Arriflex cameras left and right from unsuspecting and pure-in-thought cameramen. People sued and people incarcerated and generally lost their shirts because of the black machinations of that villain called Braun. Of course, every time I found such a badly done-by individual he had imported an Arris to make a fast buck, so I couldn't find much charity in my heart for him. But rumours do persist and so, several months ago, while trying to hoodwink Canadian customs in passing a ten buck item I had illegally imported (yes, I lost the game and had to pay various duties and penalties and I won't ever, ever do it again, cross my heart and fingers) I fell into a conversation with the chief customs honcho, trying to pump him on

the Braun situation. Like Sergeant Schultz of Hogan's Heroes he knew *nothing, nothing* about it, and after sufficient hemming and hawing referred me to some other authority. In Ottawa. My curiosity being incurable, I invested some long distance calls in pursuit of the nitty-gritty. I encountered much distrust and unwillingness to impart any information. Somehow one gets the feeling that any query addressed to those who govern us (with the exception of "how are you?" and the current state of the weather) seems to imbue the cloak of "restricted", "classified", or at worst, "secret". What it all boils down to is: mind your own business, or don't upset the apple cart.

Dissolve

And back to Braun. So, armed with what little misinformation I had, to the horse's mouth. Who else but Steve Cook took me in to see Bert Simmonds, and an earfull I did get. And here is the gem, as given to me by both of them. In essence: Since a very long time ago, when Braun acquired the Arri dealership, their target has been a service reputation second to none. To accomplish this, quite a few Arri servicemen were imported from Germany, among others Theo Egelseder, Hans Gahr, Wolfgang Riegl. And from Arri of America: Harold Ortenburger. Locally, Ronald Niecke (the power pack guy) from Carveth. And others. And some of them, seeing gold in them thar Canajan hills, defected and did their own thing, like all good immigrants do after a while. To keep them working, Braun keeps on hand a *half million bucks* worth of spare parts. That figure blew me a little, as I hope to God all the Arriflexes in Canada don't need that many spare parts in case they need repairs. That would somehow negate the Arri claim of being the best camera ever made. I might even submit that there are not 2 million bucks worth of Arris in the whole of Canada. But, so be it. The service is indeed extremely good. About once a year my camera goes in and comes out perfect. It's a goal that other camera importers might well envy and try to duplicate. In some cases I could mention, there is simply *no* service. At all. One has to send the camera back to the country of origin. For 500 bucks in crisp new bills given to me in a

deserted country lane, I'll describe to you in code the names of these other mothers. That might pay for my doctor bills.

Close-Up

What really astonished me was a comparison of prices for Arri products in the US and Canada. Contrary to all (mis)information it is a good deal cheaper to purchase a BL here than in the U.S. Here are a few examples.

Canada (duty, tax out)

1972: BL \$5400.00 (with motor, power cord, matte box)

1974: BL \$6684.00 (with motor, power cord, matte box)

United States (normal user's price)

1972: BL: \$ 7295.00 (*without* motor cord and matte box)

1974: BL: \$10710.00 (*without* motor cord and matte box)

That motor by the way was \$535.00 extra in 1972 and is now \$795.00. In the case of the Arri-S, the following figures:

US 1972: \$2896.00

Canada 1972: \$2741.00

US 1974: \$4410.00

Canada 1974: \$3443.00

You see, after Braun got their protection against unfair competition in 1968 under section 51 of the Trade Marks Act, stories were rife of alleged rip-offs on the suffering cameramen. Everybody claimed to know that the same cameras were much cheaper in the States. This is, and was not so. Of course, it *is* much cheaper to buy direct from the manufacturer or in Europe from any reputable dealer. And nothing in the Trade Marks Act prohibits anybody from doing just that. Listen to this:

"All of the articles listed in this memorandum may be imported, for other than commercial purposes, by individuals as personal effects or baggage (e.g. under items 70310-1) or as personal gifts, without reference to this prohibition."

Therefore, if you really wish to purchase your camera in Europe, for your own use, go right ahead. But don't expect to be able to come into Canada with two or three in your luggage and sell them for a nice tidy profit, without Braun coming down on you like a ton of bricks.

The pros and cons of the Trade

Marks Act are beyond me. In my own bailiwick I would like to be able to smite down those among us who insist in undercutting each other. Come to think of it, I've done it myself when that famous second mortgage was staring me in the face. Unhappily, all is not fair in love, war and pursuit of the almighty buck. So I am ambivalent in the Braun case. I wish them peace and prosperity and an inexpensive SR, if and when the bugs have been eradicated. Anyway it all could be a moot point. As of this date, rumours have it that Braun might lose their preferred status in the very near future. Somebody sued them and won.

Reverse Cut

And back again to the Super 8 controversy. Just as you think you've said it all, a surprise is sprung. Beaulieu have brought out the last of their line, a sound-on-film Super 8. At around \$2200.00 it gets to be somewhat removed from the amateur market so one should give some attention to it. The 5008S has been unveiled and by all accounts seems to be a candidate for some serious rethinking in the newsrooms. However, it is still not blimped and the thought of 12 Super 8's all buzzing along during a politician's interview is a fact to consider. For all I know at this moment some super whiz kid has already designed a sound barney to overcome that small point. (*Yup. Super 8 Sound, States-side.*—Ed) Surely the technical wizardry all packed in this small camera puts the 16mm camera to shame. How come most of us still have to struggle with large cases, shitty connectors (again) and turn-of-the-century technology? You haven't lived until you miss that important announcement while struggling to reload a CP/16 or Auricon. Or whipped an 85 filter on or off while following a VIP through the door. All kinds of little things that stand in the way between the cameraman and the subject. Those little things have been solved very admirably by the Beaulieu people. Why not by Eclair, or Arri, or the others? Is it really so difficult?

And of course, I can think up my own arguments against it. Look for yourself. In Toronto there are about 10,000 doctors, 10,000 lawyers, 10,000

of what have you, and probably about 50,000 film amateurs. If there are more than 200 cameramen in this city I'll be surprised. Whereof maybe 75 earn more than \$20,000 a year, or maybe 10 over \$40,000. The rest drive a cab in their off days. Where is that market that could justify the enormous expense of a truly great camera? I've seen it time and time again with those among us who invent the practical things that we in the film world need. For instance Bert Dunk, who invented the best and most practical changing bag ever seen. How many can you sell before the market is saturated? Or the many attempts at editing tables in Toronto. It's enough to make a grown man cry. But happily for us, every once in a while some one tries again and again and maybe... one day...

Gear

It has been rightfully pointed out to me that I made a boo-boo when I reported that the CP/16 was a converted Auricon. Let's say rather that it looks uncannily like an Auricon. So now I'm told that the original patents of the Bach people have lapsed and the CP people have latched onto the design specs. With minor and major changes it's still what it is: a modified Auricon movement with some nifty improvements. Still staying is the convoluted path the film has to take over all the sprockets, rollers, etc. It still takes several minutes, if lucky, to change magazines. How inappropriate that Kodak has solved that problem for the amateur with the sound-on-film design for Super 8. Scaling it up to 16mm cannot be that great a problem. And while we're at it, CP, why not an elapsed footage counter in the viewfinder, or somewhere close to it? The camera is designed for the one-man Christmas tree operation, but the sound controls are on the back, out of reach. Yoder must have thought so too, and he put a volume control in the handgrip. We see ultimately, even in the CP/16, a line of thinking removed from the camera bloke who has to operate it in the field. It seems that in the amateur field, much thought is given to the operator and his convenience while the designers in the 16 and 35mm fields are convinced that the poor idjit cameraman

has an extra eye somehow on a stalk behind his head and assorted pseudopods waving about. But all those cameras look good! Very yummy, handsome, and professional. After all, if we were to make all that gear too easy to operate, everyone would be a cameraman and how would we make a living then? This point was seriously discussed at a union meeting in New York! For Christ's sake, when will it ever dawn on us that it is still the nut behind the camera that makes the movie, not the nuts in it!

Dissolve

After the debacle of the Canadian Film Awards last year, no plans have been made for this year's awards. The C.S.C. have therefore resurrected their award to honor those among us that we feel deserve recognition in our profession. However, it is admittedly reserved only for C.S.C. members and no attempt is made to encompass the accomplishments of the entire Canadian film world. No attempt is made to judge the finished film. Frankly, we would feel incompetent to do so, as the impact of the film would rely heavily upon editing, directing and, of course, the amount of money involved in the budget. This is (of course) very difficult in the case of features and commercials, but in documentaries far more responsibility is borne by the cameraman. In this particular medium the cameraman has the opportunity to see and record happenings that the director (and editor) will only see in the editing room.

The judges, chosen from C.S.C. members, have to sit down and wade through miles of film and try to recognize among the contributions of the director, the editor, the soundman and all the other people involved in the production, the handling of the camera: the composition, the rightness of the shot, the use of light — be it daylight or tungsten — to paint the mood of the sequence.

Having been invited to sit with the panel of judges on documentaries, it sure was an eye-opener. We received an ample cross-section of films from the members and, I'm happy to report, these entries were of a high quality indeed. It was rather difficult to make up our collective mind, but at the end

of a very trying day we unanimously selected the entry of Norm Keziere, called *Mirror of the Sun* as the best example of the contribution of the cameraman. Our second choice was a film by Yuri Spilny, called *Italo*. One of the judging points was innovation, which is really a different way of describing budget difficulties. In this case, the use of light, both natural and tungsten, was . . . exemplary in its simplicity. Our best wishes on his future efforts.

Scratches

I have been known as a shit disturber for a long time now, and since I started to vocalize through *Cinema Canada* more and more tid-bits of dirt come floating my way. I have to step very carefully around some of it, because after all I have to make a living in this town. But here are some interesting items, checked out with care. Very funny though, the more you disturb said shit, the more seems to turn up! It all started with a letter from Don Ryder, president of the McMaster Film Board in Hamilton. He sent out a form letter regarding a recently purchased Steenbeck editor, available through him for a very soft rental price. He made the mistake of including several film production houses in his mailing list. And predictably, they blew their collective tops. It seems that it was originally understood this would be unfair competition as it was assumed that this gear was purchased with tax money. I was able to ascertain that this was not so, that said gear was purchased with a producers license however, and is presently located on the University premises. In any case, it is unfair competition to those among us who have to make a living and who pay taxes supporting such Universities. Happy to say that Mr. Ryder promised Bruce Sabsay to cease and desist such practices and sent out a follow-up form letter to customers to that effect. But poking around produced other cans of worms. Like; the CBC sometimes hires film crews for very small fees indeed, fees that would barely cover the basic rental fees of the equipment used. So, who are the magicians who can shoot film for peanuts? Well, students from Ryerson and York

University, using equipment belonging to those bodies. Let's just examine this situation. The CBC, whose sole existence is based on tax monies you and I have to fork up, is hiring students with our tax money, who use equipment bought with our tax money. When queried, the CBC spokesperson, insisting on staying unnamed, dismissed the whole thing with: "Oh, they need the experience, and you guys need the competition."

Well, yes, competition is good for us, but this type of competition is a bit much. You see, at this moment there are 72 assorted colleges and universities in Canada alone, offering film, television and other communications courses. That means that every year several thousand hopeful youngsters are let loose on our very small industry. Every sorry one of them out-Ingmar Bergmann each other. If they can make it under their own power, in the open market, fine. Based on the observation that very few good journalists come out of a journalism school (name one, if you can) we don't have too much to worry about, but when we are forced to subsidize them to compete against us, we get pissed off.

How to put a stop to it? Hard to say. Maybe it would help if in future issues we would name the persons involved, the programs, the airdates. If you out there have a better idea, let me know, will you?

Answer Print

Just one this time, from a good friend in Detroit (What is Cinema Canada doing there?) (*We do get around.*—Ed) with an interesting tip. This is for those of us lamebrains who sometimes forget light meters at home. It happened to me once, once, so there! It seems that if you shoot in bright sunlight, the reciprocal of the ASA rating is equal to the exposure at f/16. Or to simplify: put a one over the ASA and expose at f/16. Don't believe me? OK, let's try. 7252 at ASA 25, with 85 filter ASA 16. The exposure is 1/16 at f/16. Or 1/32 at f/11. Or 1/64 at f/8. So at 1/50, roughly between f/8 and f/11. Spot-on. One stop less for side light, two stops less for back light. And one stop more for snow. Wish I'd known that a few years ago

when it happened to me.

Another one, from A. Makosinski in Fredericton, N.B. He was the first to write about the BEAULIEU parts I had, so I'm sending them forthwith. Sorry guys, first come first served!

Dear Mr. Rouveroy;

I very much enjoy your "Rough Cut" in Cinema Canada. That section is worth the price of the magazine alone. In the last issue especially the comments on the 16mm Beaulieu really hit home. I too owned this camera for some time, and have made several prize-winning films. Then the urge took me to make it "silent", and I took the thing apart trying to replace some of the gears by nylon counterparts. Needless to say the experiment was a total failure, on top of which I lost some small parts and the photocell system was damaged.

Your adventures with the Beaulieu mention how you wound up with a box of parts. Well, I am willing to buy them from you and rework my camera. I should mention that I work as an electronic technician, but I am greatly involved in filmmaking, having this year received a considerable grant from the Arts Council to make a film. Doing any kind of filmwork is a hell of an experience down here in New Brunswick, especially from the point of view of equipment and services.

Should you be willing to part with the parts and send them on an adventure to the heart of New Brunswick wilderness, let me know their price.

Yours sincerely,

A. Makosinski

Extro

The following questionnaire is to gather information on free-lance rates across the country. It will be treated in a completely confidential manner. Such information is highly beneficial to us all, so please return it as soon as possible. Meaningful correlation of data can become available in the early spring.

Meanwhile, join the CSC.

See you. ☐

QUESTIONNAIRE

QUESTIONNAIRE

Please fill in and return in a plain, unmarked envelope to:

Rough Cut, c/o Cinema Canada, No. 3 - 6 Washington Avenue, Toronto M5S 1L2

In what province are you located? _____

Are you: a Freelancer _____ Staff _____ Make your own films _____

You work mostly for: CBC _____ CTV _____ ETV _____ Other _____

If freelancing, how many days a year do you average? _____

What are your busiest months? _____

Is your yearly income (without gear rental): under \$10,000 _____

under 15,000 _____

under 20,000 _____

under 25,000 _____

more _____

What is your daily fee: Without gear _____ With gear _____ Single System _____

What do you get paid for your gear: Arri BL _____

Arri S _____

Eclair NPR _____

Eclair ACL _____

Auricon _____

CP 16 _____

Other _____

What do you get paid for your gear package (silent, double system camera, tripod, lights package, etc.): Per day _____ Per week _____

What do you get paid for your sound-on-film package: Per day _____

Per week _____

You rent yourself out with double system for: Per day _____ Per week _____

Yourself with single system: Per day _____ Per week _____

Your per diem without hotel: _____

Your per diem with hotel: _____

Using your own car, what do you get for mileage: _____

Do you charge overtime: Yes _____ No _____

Is there much difference between the TV networks in their payscale? _____

In view of the rising cost of living and the sharply increased price of gear - what percentage increase do you find fair compared to: 1968 _____

1970 _____

1973 _____

Any other observations? _____

N.B.: Deadline for returning this questionnaire is December 20th, 1974. Results will be published in the February/March issue.



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decent exposure

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Halifax Co-op

LON DUBINSKY
LIZ MULLAN

Peter Elliot paints over his number on the wall of his cell as Lionel Simmons sets up his shot for "Master"

In August 1973, I first heard about the idea of setting up a filmmaker's Co-operative in the Atlantic Provinces. People in this area who came under the broad category of "those interested in film" were asked to write a letter in support of this proposal in order that its originators, Chuck Lapp, Don Duchene and Stefan Wodoslawsky would be able to make a stronger case to the Canada Council.

At the time, I was desperately trying to finish a master's

degree (in film study no less) and I thought the creation of a film Co-op almost impossible. I had just returned to Nova Scotia and I felt that our famous down-east brand of apathy was sufficient to prevent the Co-op's evolution. I didn't write the letter.

One year later, I'm a Co-op member, and Liz and I are doing this interview with Lionel Simmons and John Brett, two members, and Chuck Lapp, the Co-op's co-ordinator.

Lon Dubinsky

Interview with Lionel Simmons and John Brett

How would you characterize the Co-op's atmosphere?

John: There isn't active camaraderie in the social sense. For a while, we all used to drink together but now I talk to whoever happens to be working here when I am. Everyone is busy working on individual projects. We do help each other — we work on each other's crews, we see each other's rushes and we exchange ideas with one another casually.

Is membership restricted?

Lionel: All you have to do is have a member recommend you. It costs \$50 a year — that's to cover costs. There are about 25 members just now, so there's no restriction on numbers. We're still new.

How is it decided who gets the money to make films?

John: We have a script selection committee. If you have a proposal, you submit an outline and a budget.

Lionel: Presentations have ranged from one written line to visual or verbal proposals. The committee doesn't make a "we like it or we don't like it" decision — its most important criterion is probably "will it get done and who can deliver?"

Our main concern at the Co-op this year is to get things done, which can be difficult because we've got to learn and produce at the same time. If we don't produce we'll soon cease to exist.

Should the Co-op be doing more than just making films?

John: Ideally, it would be great to produce, educate, and show films. In the case of this Co-op, it might prove a bad decision practically. Our original credo is to make films. There are enough problems in producing films without diversifying. Perhaps later on, when we are more skilled ourselves, we might think about doing some of these other things.

Are some of these other functions filled by the National Film Board — have they been of assistance to you?

Lionel: Definitely, they're a help. Earlier this year they gave us \$5,000 worth of film stock.

John: The Board has done a lot in terms of screenings. This past summer they had someone traveling around showing films in small, rural communities. The Film Board Office here is new and still rather informal. They've been a lot of help to me personally — they've given me advice, loaned me equipment and employed me for part-time work.

How did you become involved in the Co-op originally?

Lionel: I was auditing a course given by Robert Frank at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design — I was acting here that summer so I went along to the course. Up until then, I had done some work in Super-8 but had no experience in 16mm. Anyway, one day Chuck came into the class with Stefan (Wodoslawsky) and Don (Duchene of the NFB) to try to get people to write letters in support of the establishment of an Atlantic Film Maker's Co-op. And that's how I met them.

John: I wasn't in on things from the beginning — I'd wandered back into Halifax last spring after a year of studying film at Sheridan College in Toronto. I came back to the Maritimes wanting to make a film and I needed the money to make it. I went to the Board and showed them some of my work. Rex Tasker couldn't give me any money but he sent me over to the Co-op. I wrote up a proposal, shot about 500 feet and on the strength of my rushes, they gave me the budget I needed.

What has made you stay?

John: It's rather pragmatic. I do like the Maritimes, but a further incentive to stay here is the current infusion of federal money into the area. The chances of getting a grant here are better as compared to Toronto where there are more filmmakers.

How did you get involved in making your current film, *Voices from the Landscape*?

John: I originally became familiar with the area near Yarmouth four or five years ago when I bought some land and built a cabin there. Then I went away to school and was there only intermittently until this year. I've always been interested in the area and I did some research and discovered that despite the fact that it is one of the wildest, most gaunt and forlorn landscapes imaginable, it was settled as early as 1620 by Latour and the French and has been continuously inhabited since then.

As a place, it is a paradox: people have been living there for several hundred years but they have not conquered the land. Only within the last forty years has life begun to change — up until that point there was a continuity of landscape and lifestyle. For example, there is the old man from whom we bought our property. His children have all the modern amenities but he was a homesteader in the old manner, with oxen, very self-sufficient subsistence farming.

The film uses this old man although it's not about him. There are many objects in the film — trees, old foundations, posts rotting in the marsh, the old man's broken-down house where he used to live, and his face itself. All these things are worn. They change through time. Against these things are juxtaposed photographs of the old people when they were young and of the house when it was a house and not a pile of rubble. Time is a very special consideration in the film. For example, in time the house should be part of a linear progression. Instead it exists in a series of parallel lines. This is because the people in the film speak of the house as it is in the photograph, when, at the same time, it is visibly in ruins.

I want the film to express my feelings about the nature of time, about how people and places change through it, about how people become incorporated into the landscape without being able to mold it.

Do you feel yours is a traditional documentary?

John: Not really, because it doesn't have a traditional continuity. The scenes are not episodic, there's no deliberate organization to produce a "day in the life" effect. There is a basic core to which all the scenes are related. They all take place in the same area and they're all involved in the simultaneous process of life and deterioration. For example, a sequence dealing with the old man's birthday is followed by some shots of the calvary hill at the cemetery.

Is this a specifically regional film?

John: Well it is and it isn't. Given certain elements, one could do it anywhere. It would be a great film to do in Greenland — did you know there was a thriving colony there in the middle ages which died out because it started to get colder? What the film really depends upon is the gaunt dramatic quality of the landscape.

Does the source of grant money make you feel you're under some obligation to deal with regional subjects?

Lionel: It's entirely dependent upon the individual filmmaker's programme. I suppose that to some extent all filmmakers are subject to some influence of place, but that is not to say that any co-op member feels that he or she has to go make a film about, say, Fisherman's Market. Sometimes a particular place is suitable for the film you want to make, like the one John is working on just now. But my film, for example, has no dependency upon locale — it takes place in the future.

Could you talk about how that idea started?

Lionel: Initially I just wanted to write a script because when the Co-op was first formed there seemed to be a lot of people around but there was a definite lack of scripted ideas. So I wrote down every idea that occurred to me and then tried to follow through on one.

Part of *Masterpiece* takes place in the future. To date, I've shot 2,500 feet, mainly dream sequences, spy footage, surveillance footage — which take place not in the past but in parallel time. I wrote an almost-story with an actor friend, Peter Elliot, in mind. He's the main character.

Niki Lipman, Peter Elliot, Lionel Simmons and John Brett shooting "*Masterpiece*"



Has doing such a complicated feature-style film been good for you and the other co-op members?

Lionel: It's definitely a good film for me to do now, personally. I've got an optical printer and I'm really fascinated by the reworking of images. The scripted film is taking me right through the whole process — shooting, directing, set-building, getting space, etc. And it's good for everybody else, too. I don't think any other film done this year will be using sets, so working on this will be helpful in teaching people some things. *Masterpiece* is bigger than I thought it would be — it has turned into a really collaborative affair.

Are you working within traditional narrative conventions?

Lionel: You might say that there is sort of a story. One reason

I try to avoid strict narrative convention is that I feel that no matter how tightly you shoot, what you shoot is only raw material for the final film. When actually putting the film together, you can change it all completely.

John: I've read the script and as far as I can see, it has no narrative coherence at all. It's just not that sort of thing. Instead it has different images — each with its own meaning. There are certain things you shoot just because you do — and they have a meaning but not one that could be literally translated as part of the film script. There are a variety of ways you could arrange these images, and through an arrangement of these symbolic sequences you create a film which is its own entity. It has its own rules and forms.

Do you work with a sense of audience?

Lionel: Unless you're making *The Great Gatsby* you don't. I



Niki, Peter, Lionel, John, and Fred Allen

have nobody to please but myself. I think it is important not to pander.

John: I'm in two centuries at once on this question, having great *simpatico* for the Baroque and Renaissance approach, as well as the Romantic, which envisions the artist as a semi-deity revealing his wisdom in order to uplift the rest of us. It would be arrogant on my part to assume that I have anything great to say but I do really want people to like my films.

* * * *

Interview with Chuck Lapp

Where is the Co-op now: where will it be next year?

Just now, it's an organization of people working on their first major efforts in film. In many cases, these are people who would not have had the opportunity to make films without Co-op funding and equipment. With the experience and credibility which they've been able to achieve, it's possible that some will go out and get grants of their own; this doesn't mean everyone, since I hope the Co-op will maintain its working viability in terms of the Canada Council grant.

It also might happen that a group within the Co-op will form to work on a larger, more ambitious project than has yet been attempted.

Would the Co-op consider feature film making a possibility for the future?

When you mention features, I get the sense that you're talking about some sort of commercial venture. I'd say no if that is what you mean, basically because the Canada Council is not into funding feature films. Their highest budget grant for an individual film project is about \$25,000 — and not too many grants that large are given. Even so, that sort of money

couldn't approach a commercial feature budget. As I said before, some members might do something 'bigger', but not in the commercial sense.

How certain are you of future Council funding?

You have to realize that we are part of an experimental venture in funding film makers which the Council is not necessarily committed to continuing. However, I do think that the decision to fund organizations like the Co-op has been a very positive move, since we will always be working with people who are new to film making, people who would have had difficulty in obtaining an individual grant.

Are there any new areas you might be moving into and how will this affect your forthcoming submission to the Canada Council?

As you know, we're concentrating on production this year, so we haven't been concerned with matters such as screenings and distribution. In the future, we will have our own films to distribute, and we'd like to set up a distribution centre in the Maritimes for our own work, and for independent films from the rest of Canada.

As far as the grant application is concerned; we will be primarily requesting production funding. However, if it becomes apparent that a particular Co-op member is "evolving" towards distribution as a major interest, we would move more rapidly in that direction.

Is there sufficient diversity in the type of films being made in the Co-op?

Definitely, and that's a very good thing. Perhaps I could run through a few of the things people are doing just now. You know about Lionel and John's work. Bill MacGillivray is also

John Brett, Peter Elliot, Art McKay and Lionel Simmons



into documentary. Ramona Macdonald has been doing some very interesting things with improvised drama. Just now, she's editing a film she shot at Portuguese Cove, using the local inhabitants — she discovered some genuine characters.

A Newfoundland filmmaker, Bill Doyle, is doing a documentary in Super-8 about the celebrations of the Province's entry into Confederation. Ken Pittman of Halifax is doing a treatment of the work of a Newfoundland sculptor who takes as his model a sea snake's nest called the devil's purse. It's found washed up on the shore, and there is quite a lot of folklore and superstition about it.

In P.E.I., Niall Burnett is doing some experiments in video-to-film transfers. Two people in Moncton, Monique Leger and Normand LeBlanc, are making a film in Super-8 about Acadian lifestyles.

How much contact is there with the people outside of Halifax?

We phone; we write letters. And we lend some equipment. The people in New Brunswick have a Super-8 camera, editor and splicer of ours, and they are also receiving technical assistance from the Film Board there. We've sent film stock to Bill Doyle, but the equipment he uses is his own.

Are there any signs that co-ops may be established elsewhere in the Maritimes?

About 3 months ago, the Film Board sponsored a meeting in P.E.I. for all interested in film making, but I'm not sure if that group has developed further. It's very difficult to function unless you have a definite goal in mind and an agency whose support you are aiming for.

Do you have much contact with other co-ops?

Yes, when I lived in Toronto I was a member of the Co-op there, and recently I went back for a visit to try to keep in touch with what is being done. We also have some contact with Vancouver. One of our new members, Jeff Wall, is here finishing a film which he began when he lived in Vancouver.

Do you feel any sort of regional commitment?

Only one, and that is a desire to extend the Co-op beyond the core group in Halifax. Part of our mandate is that we assist people throughout the Atlantic provinces. For example, Bill Doyle applied to the Council for a grant and they directed him to us for assistance. Christine Ritchie, an independent Canada Council recipient, has requested use of our equipment in her work.



Chuck Lapp, co-ordinator

What is your personal feeling about what's happening here?

It's exciting to see the fulfillment of something that some of us have been thinking about for a long time. More things have happened to film here in the past year than I had ever expected. And a very genuine feeling of community has evolved here. When Lionel was doing his film, most of us were up at Dalhousie at 4 a.m. working on his sets — including one guy who had only joined that week. And when John Brett needed someone to go down to Yarmouth for a day's shooting, Ashley Lohmes and Art McKay were prepared to go — just like that. Film making is a communal art; even the most solitary film maker needs the assistance of others. And what is happening here is a very positive experience in co-operation. I'm very happy with it all.

* * *

Talking with Chuck, Lionel, and John has not only focused on the present state of film activity in the Atlantic Provinces and what the future might hold; it also says something about the filmic sensibility, at least in this neck of the woods. A filmmaker must develop his/her own style and point of view as well as an eye that is critical and always changing when it comes to evaluating his work and that of others. However, there is a sense of collective experience that is equally penetrating. New and young filmmakers need to share ideas, frustrations, even their eccentricities sometimes. Here in the Atlantic Provinces the film Co-operative is no longer a concept, it is a working entity. □

Lon Dubinsky teaches film and education at Dalhousie University and the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design in Halifax.

Liz Mullan studied English and Film at Queens University, Kingston and has recently settled in Halifax.



QUÉBEC

A General View

After close to six months of non-stop shooting in Québec, feature film production has come to what is known as the "seasonal halt". With sometimes four or more features shooting at the same time, you had to share some equipment with other productions and the labs were operating 24 hours a day to get the rushes back in time. Activities began back in early spring with director Denys Arcand (*On Est Au Coton*, Réjeanne Padovani) shooting *Gina* for Les Productions Carle-Lamy. That production put an end to close to 8 months of straight unemployment or intermittent work on commercials for the majority of members of Syndicat National du Cinéma. For the producers and directors it was after a long awaited OK from the all powerful CFDC that finally they were able to

project organised by the Conseil Québécois pour la Diffusion du Cinéma to investigate new alternatives to the established networks. This will be achieved through contact with cultural organisations outside of Montréal and also through programming of Québec films in commercial theatres rented by the Conseil. Covering 13 feature films (*Red*, *Le Grand Film Ordinaire*, *Montréal Blues*, *Tu Brûles Tu Brûles*, *L'Infonie Inachevée*, *On Engraisse Pas Les Cochons À L'Eau Claire*, Réjeanne Padovani, *La Mort D'Un Bûcheron*, *Les Maudits Sauvages*, *Guitare*, *La Conquête*, *Les Ordres*, *Bar Salon*) this agreement should make available to the public previously submerged with American films in dubbed versions and porno flicks that literally jam the circuits outside of Montréal.

For the beginning of the season, the distributors launched a good number of Québec films. Les Films Mutuels released two commercial features that were intended for large audiences, *Les Deux Pieds Dans La Même Bottine* by Pierre Rose and *La Pomme La Queue Et Les Pepins* by Claude Fournier (*Alien Thunder* is not yet released in Québec). Pierre David's distribution outfit was also responsible for marketing Potterton



finance another project. CFDC executives were busy planning and reorienting their form of action and trying to diversify their investments in the production of films for television, considered a more steady and viable market.

No major reshaping of the film production policy was made public by CFDC officials after that long period of introspection. Chances of restructure and venture in new sectors of film production are elusive but some concrete efforts were made in the distribution field. Among those, the CFDC is backing a



Production's *Child Under A Leaf* directed by George Bloomfield and starring Dyan Cannon and Donald Pilon and the highly acclaimed *Les Ordres* by Michel Brault, which was a complete success critically as well as in public response. Brault's film is in the best tradition of Québec films that gained international recognition because of their portrait of a situation through dramatic approach, and documentary style. Faroun Films was taking care of *Montreal Main* by young director Frank Vitale and *Valse À Trois ...* by Fernand Rivard. Société Nouvelle de Cinématographie released *Les Beaux Dimanches* by Richard Martin from a play by Marcel Dubé (Martin is a staff director at CBC and he directed *Finalement ...* in the private sector in 1971). *Les Beaux Dimanches* is a Mojack Films production.

The distributors are now planning their future releases and their energy is going into making press books, posters and the traditional press releases. Cinépix, which did not show in the first part of the season, might well be the heavyweight of the





second with all three Carle-Lamy productions: *Gina* by Denys Arcand, *Pour Le Meilleur Ou Pour Le Pire* by Claude Jutra and *Tout Feu Tout Femme* by Gilles Richer. Les Films Mutuels will show with two Productions Mutuelles features: *Mustang* by Marcel Lefebvre and *Les Aventures D'Une Jeune Veuve* by Roger Fournier (like Richard Martin, he is working at the CBC and directed one feature in the private sector, *Pile Ou Face*, in 1971). Also ready for release are *La Gammick*, an NFB production directed by Jacques Godbout, and *Sweet Movie* by Dusan Makavejev, which was held up by the prosecution actress Carole Laure held against co-producers Mojack Films of Montréal, Vincent Malle Productions of Paris and Maran Films of Munich. The film should be released as soon as the judgement will be made public.

Action, a documentary on the October crisis by Robin Spry (*Prologue*) was released at the Cinémathèque Québécoise and should be programmed on television also. There is a follow-up to this film entitled *Reaction*. Both films were produced at the NFB and are distributed through their channels. *Guitare*, directed by Richard Lavoie, was screened at Le Festival du Cinéma Québécois organised by Le Conseil Québécois pour la Diffusion du Cinéma during Les Jeux du Québec in Valleyfield. Also shown in Valleyfield, *L'Ou'L*, an independent feature produced and directed by Jean Gagné and Serge Gagné; *Mistashipu* a documentary directed by Arthur Lamôthe for a series produced for CBC was programmed at various festivals and gained considerable attention for its significance and objectivity on the Indian problem.

Ciné-Capitale, a newly formed company, distributed *Y A Pas de Mal a Se Faire du Bien* a co-produced feature by French director Claude Mulot; and *René Simard au Japon* by Laurent Larouche, a documentary on the recent tour in Japan by young Québec singer René Simard. Along with *Child Under a Leaf*, the only other English language film to be released was *Why Rock the Boat?* by John Howe from a novel by William Weintraub and produced at the NFB. The film stars Stuart Gillard, Ken James and Toronto actress and model Tiiu Leek in the leading roles.

The following are in production in the Private Sector: Les Vautours, Pour Le Meilleur Ou Pour le Pire, La Tête de Normande St-Onge, Gina, La Piastra, Ti-Cul Tougas, Au Coeur du Monde Primitif, Pousse Mais Pousse Egal, Tout Feu Tout Femme, Superfrancofete.

Les Vautours

At press time, the only feature shooting in Québec in the Private Sector is *Les Vautours* directed by Jean-Claude Labrecque (*Les Smattes* and *La Nuit de la Poésie*, and Labrecque was also director of photography on numerous other features) from a script by Robert Gurik with collaboration from Jacques Jacob. Alain Dostie is director of photography (DOP on *Gina*, Réjeanne Padovani and *Pour le Meilleur ou Pour le Pire*) as well as operator on one camera while Labrecque manages between directing to operate the other Arriflex 35 BL. The film is entirely shot in black and white and will be printed on colour stock because the very end includes colour



stock shots from the civil funerals after the death of Premier Duplessis. The storyline is set in Québec City in 1959 where Mrs. Pelletier dies and leaves her son with very little besides ambition. He is 17 and receives condolences from relatives, neighbours, the undertaker, the parish priest and the politicians; everyone looking afflicted for the circumstances. *Les Vautours* describes the situation in Québec at the time and pictures the end of an era, dominated by two intricate powers: Duplessis in politics and the Church over the society.

Production: Les Films Jean-Claude Labrecque Inc. Producer: Louise Ranger. Assistant directors: Jacques Méthé and René Pothier. Sound: Serge Beauchemin. Set decorator: Normand Sarrazin. Cast: Gilbert Sicotte - Monique Mercure - Carmen Trembley - Amulette Garneau - Anne-Marie Provencher - Yolande Roy - Jean Mathieu - Guy L'Ecuyer - Rita Lafontaine - Denyse Proulx.

Pour Le Meilleur ou Pour Le Pire

Pascale Laverrière is editing *Pour le Meilleur ou Pour le Pire*, Claude Jutra's seventh feature. Jutra directed a script of his own for the second time (the first being *À Tout Prendre* in 1963) but it was somewhat a different situation for him having a budget one third of his previous venture, *Kamouraska*. But what he was not getting in cash-flow was compensated by a great freedom in action (he was playing a leading role as well as directing). It took nearly a year to convince the investors and to find a distributor that agreed with his proposals. The film was previously scheduled for a winter shooting in studio but was delayed after Michael Costom refused to distribute the film and to invest in the project. At that time, Société Nouvelle de Cinématographie had a deal with Les productions Carle-Lamy to distribute 4 features and this included *Gina* and *Pour le Meilleur ou Pour le Pire* which are now handled by Cinépix.

The shooting was completed within its budget and 7-week time schedule. The first four weeks were shot at Cinévision's studio in Montréal and the remaining three on various locations in the city. The film was shot in colour using the new Eastman 5247 negative for the interiors and black and white for the locations; everything is to be printed on colour stock



of course.

We follow a married couple living a typical bourgeois life but the script is looking at them with a cynical view. . . . He is working in an advertising business and she is a prototype of the modern housewife taking care of their one child in a fashionable highrise apartment. That particular day is stretched on a 15 year period, or maybe 15 years all seems to be a day long. . . . They get older, the furniture deteriorates, and by the end their daughter is an adolescent. One of the highlights is a very camp scene in the best genre of the American musicals of the 40's in which the Jutra/Miller couple dances to music in the style of the Astaire/Rogers performances with a nostalgic look at their past. But the words of the song they sing together reflects their hatred for each other . . .

Director of photography: Alain Dostie. Sound: Jacques Blain. With: Claude Jutra, Monique Miller, Pierre Dufresne and Monique Mercure playing cello in one scene. Music: Pierre F. Brault and J.S. Bach. Script: Monique Champagne.

La Tete de Normande St-Onge

There is no project scheduled for shooting this winter except for Gille Carle's next feature — **La Tête de Normande St-Onge** from a script by Carle and actress Carole Laure. Five days of shooting that required a fall setting are already in the can, but the other 35 days are postponed until sufficient backing is confirmed. Produced by Pierre Lamy for Les Productions Carle-Lamy the film received an approval from the CFDC. Roger Frappier (director of *L'Infonie Inachevée*) is assistant director and François Protat (DOP on *Les Ordres*) is director of photography.

The film centers around the character of Normande St-Onge (played by Carole Laure) living in the neighbourhood of the newly erected Place Radio-Canada on the East side of Montréal. She is working in a drugstore and, at times, modelling for a necrophiliac sculptor who lives in the same apartment building. It is a strange surrounding: the tenants are a lot of students mixed with older people who never left their cheap rented flats. Normande tries to bring her mother to live with her but she can't convince the direction of the asylum where she was interned on a wrong testimony.

Mustang

Marcel Lefebvre completed **Mustang**, his first feature produced by Pierre David for Les Productions Mutuelles. Described as an action film, it was shot during the Festival Western in St-Tite from September 6 to October 5. From a script by Lefebvre (no connection with Jean-Pierre) in collaboration with Gilles Gauthier and Jean Salvy the film stars Luce Guilbeault, Willie Lamôthe, Claude Blanchard, Albert Millaire, Nanette Workman, Jack Beaucholte, Muriel Millard, Andrée Pelletier, Catherine Blanche and Bobby Hachey. The CFDC invested for one third of the 300,000 dollar budget.

René Verzier: director of photography. Jean-Claude Labrecque: Second Unit DOP. Jean-Claude Lord (director of Les Colombes and Bingo) Production Consultant. Distribution and world sales are to be handled by Les Films Mutuels.

Gina

Denys Arcand is currently editing . . . refer to Issue No. 16 for details.



8.

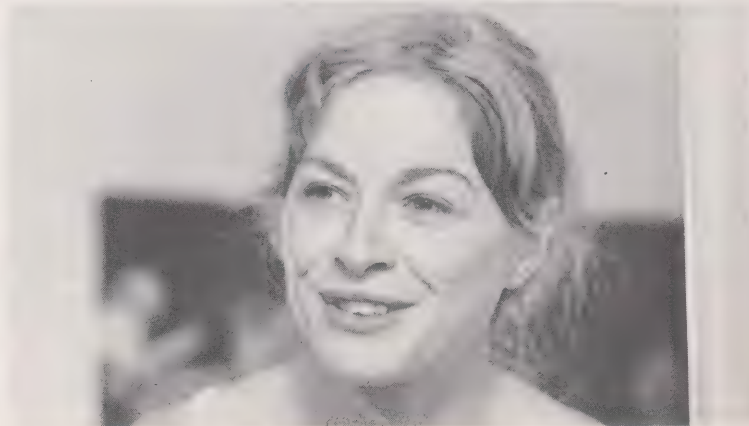
La Piastre

Alain Chartrand shot **La Piastre** at Association Coopérative des Productions Audio-visuelles (ACPAV) and Yves Dion (editor on *Les Ordres*) is currently editing the 16mm feature to be blown up to 35mm for theatre release. The film stars Claude Gauthier (*Les Ordres*), Pierre Thériault (*Réjeanne Padovani*), Patricia Nolin, Paule Baillargeon (*Montréal Blues* and *Gina*), Michèle Magny (*La Chambre Blanche*), Han Masson and Rachel Cailher (*Les Maudits Sauvages*). The film is from a script from Chartrand and Diane Cailher and is a reflection on life in the upper middle class which lives in the suburbs of Montréal.

Sound: Claude Beaugrand. Director of photography: François Beauchemin. No distribution agreements are settled yet. Producer: Marc Daigle for ACPAV with the financial assistance of the CFDC.



9.



10.



Ti-Cul Tougas

Marthe de la Chevrotière is currently editing Jean-Guy Noël's second feature entitled **Ti-Cul Tougas** and shot in a five-week period at Magdalene Islands and New Brunswick. As on **Tu Brûles, Tu Brûles**, Noël wrote his own script. The cast includes: Micheline Lanctôt (**La Vraie Nature de Bernadette** and **The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz**) Suzanne Garceau (**Montréal Blues** and **Le Grand Film Ordinaire**) Claude Maher (**Montréal Blues**) and Gilbert Sicotte (**Les Vautours**). The film was accepted in the low budget category by the CFDC and Marc Daigle was producer for ACPAV.

Sound: Hugues Mignault. Director of photography: François Beauchemin. Shot in 16mm to be blown up to 35mm for commercial release.

Au Coeur du Monde Primitif

At Via Le Monde Canada, Daniel Bertolino completed a documentary entitled **Au Coeur du Monde Primitif**. The footage was originally edited for a series of 30 minute programs for the CBC and was broadcast on the French network. But Bertolino decided to re-edit the while thing for theatrical release and some scenes that were judged too hot for TV are added to this version. The film was shot travelling around the world with a small crew of three people including cameraman François Floquet. It describes the rituals and way of life of native tribes living in remote and untouched regions.

Pousse Mais Pousse Egal

Denys Héroux completed another comedy this time from a script by TV writer Marcel Gamache, entitled **Pousse Mais Pousse Egal**. Produced by Claude Héroux for Cinévidéo the film stars: Gilles Latulippe, Céline Lomez (Gina), Yves Létourneau (**Les Beaux Dimanches**), Huguette Oligny, Suzanne Langlois and Denis Drouin (O.K. Laliberté).

Yves Langlois completed editing and the film is presently at the mixing stage. A February/March release is foreseen; distribution will be handled by Ciné-Capitale.

Director of photography: Bernard Chentrier (Quelques Arpents de Neige). Sound: Patrick Rousseau.

Tout Feu Tout Femme

Gilles Richer (script writer on **Tiens Toi Bien Après les Oreilles à Papa** and **J'Ai Mon Voyage**) completed his first feature: a comedy entitled **Tout Feu Tout Femme**. It is a farce on firemen using a lot of special effects which required a lot of stunts performed by the Fournier Brothers. The cast includes: Andrée Boucher, Jean Lapointe (**Les Ordres** and **O.K. Laliberté**) Denis Drouin, Raymond Levesque, Marc Gélinas, Réal Bélard, Gilles Pellerin, Guy L'Ecuyer and Louis de Santis. Executive producer: Luc Lamy. Director of photography: Paul Van Der Linden. Sound: Henri Blondeau. Assistant director: Alain Chartrand. Script: Nicole Hamman.

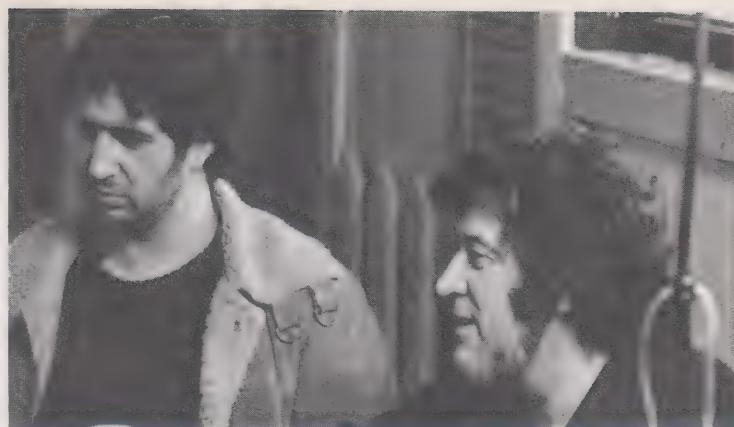
Superfrancofête

Richard Lavoie is editing a documentary he shot during the Super Francofête in Québec City this summer. The film is produced for L'Office du Film du Québec and will be distributed through their cinémathèque. Cameramen: François Gill (**Bar Salon**), Yves Maltais (**Guitare**) and Paul Vézina.

The following are in production at the NFB: Parti Pour le Gloire, La Vie Quotidienne, Abitibi/Baie James, La Fleur Aux Dents.

Parti Pour La Gloire

Clément Perron completed the shooting of **Parti Pour La Gloire**, shot in the Beauce region during August and September. The script is from Perron and the same team that worked on **Taureau** was lensing this one. Marc Beaudet: Producer.



Georges Dufaux: Director of photography. Jos Champagne: Sound recording. Pierre Lemelin is in charge of the editing. Music is composed by André Gagnon.

André Melançon (he played **Taureau**) is in one of the leading roles. The film is set at the time World War II started and recalls the action of the French majority that refused conscription and would not give their lives for a country they did not feel part of.

Abitibi/Baie James (working title)

Pierre Perrault supervised the enormous editing job on several hundred thousand feet of footage: the results of more than 2 years of intermittent shooting in "cinéma direct". Along with cameraman Bernard Gosselin, he travelled across the whole area of northern Québec recording hours of discussions with Indians and French people living in the region. Paul Larose is producer and maybe three features will come out of that project. Television as well as theatrical releases are foreseen.

La Fleur Aux Dents

Cinematographer Thomas Vámos is currently shooting **La Fleur Aux Dents** from a novel by Gilles Archambault. Claude Jutra and Lise Lasalle are cast as the main characters along with Michèle Rossignol, Ghislaine Paradis, Guy L'Ecuyer, Serge Thériault and a newcomer — Anne Plamondon.

Director of photography: Jean-Pierre Lachapelle. Sound recording: Martin Leclerc. Editing will be by Werner Nold and Music by Pierre F. Brault. Shot in 16mm to be blown up to 35mm. Producer is Marc Beaudet.

La Vie Quotidienne (working title)

Jacques Leduc (**Tendresse Ordinaire**) is shooting a "documentary/fiction" feature. Pierre Letarte is cinematographer. Because it follows various events, the long broken schedule may extend well over a year. Paul Larose is producing. More details later. . . .

1. Gérard Poirier and Luce Guilbeault in "**Les Beaux Dimanches**"
2. Jean Duceppe and Gérard Poirier
3. Hélène Loiselle in "**Les Ordres**"
4. Dominique Michel in "**Les Aventure d'Une Jeune Veuve**"
5. Scene from "**Les Vautours**"
6. Monique Miller and Claude Jutra in "**Pour le Meilleur ou Pour le Pire**"
7. Marcel Sabourin, Marcel Lefebvre and Albert Millaire — "**Mustang**"
8. Gabriel Arcand, Céline Lomez, Paul Baillargeon and Carol Faucher on location for "**Gina**"
9. François Beauchemin, Patricia Nollin and Alain Chartrand on set for "**La Piastre**"
10. Micheline Lanctôt in "**Ti-Cul Tougas**"
11. The team for "**Parti Pour la Gloire**" — André Melançon and Clément Perron (from "**Taureau**")

by Pierre Latour

CONTRASTS & SIMILARITIES

At the Tenth International Film Festival in Stratford, festival-goers found themselves face to face with two ebullient and expressive young filmmakers: Jerry Bruck Jr. and Michael Barry. Bruck came with *I. F. Stone's Weekly*, a 62-minute, black and white documentary, and Barry with *The Second Coming of Suzanne* — a 90-minute colour feature.

They shared striking similarities in outlook and approach — both filmmakers are actively (almost obsessively) involved in making films *they* want to make, yet they have two remarkably diverse approaches and vastly different film styles.

Jerry Bruck is a documentary filmmaker working in black and white out of choice. A Canadian from Montreal, Bruck's third film concerns U.S. activist journalist I.F. Stone, yet he deals with a universal subject — the right of every individual to have access to the truth and the right to express the truth.

Jerry Bruck Jr.

Other films by Bruck: Celebration: The Counter-Inaugural, 1969, a 59-minute black and white documentary completed in 1970 dealing with former U.S. President Nixon's first inauguration. (A re-release is planned).

The Old Corner Store Will Be Knocked Down By The Wreckers, (1970) a 22-minute b/w film available through the Canadian Filmmakers Distribution Centre, Toronto. From noted urbanologist Jane Jacobs: "Jerry Bruck's film on a Montreal corner store tells more about city neighbourhoods and city life than whole textbooks on sociology and planning. It is also funny, surprising, tragic: in sum, a piece of real truth."

I. F. Stone's Weekly — Photographed/edited/written/produced/directed by Jerry Bruck Jr. Narrated by Tom Wicker. Location sound by Brian Ferguson and Nancy Firmin, Robert Leacock, Curt Wittig, Mark Woodcock, Gerardine Wurzburg, Sarah Yardley. Re-mix Engineer — Paul Jaeger. Distributed in 16mm and 35mm by the I.F. Stone Project, P.O. Box 315, Franklin Lakes, New Jersey, USA 07417.

Focussing on I.F. Stone and the newspaper he researched, wrote, edited, proofread, published and mailed out for 19 years after being blacklisted by the establishment press during the infamous McCarthy era, the film's vitality is irresistible and stimulating. All one's mental faculties come alive as the factual material is conveyed in a fast-paced blend of original footage, videotape excerpts, newsfilm, interviews, and "Izzy's" words both spoken and superimposed on the screen. The result is a fleeting, vivid glimpse into the world of I.F. Stone, writer and truth-seeker *extraordinaire*. A fine documentary.

Michael Barry, an American from Los Angeles, was specifically inspired by the writings of Canadian poet Leonard Cohen yet he also deals with a universal subject — the destruction of innocence by negative forces fostered in modern society — in a style Barry terms "surreal American fantasy".

Jerry Bruck, Michael Barry and their films provided a memorable lesson in the universality of filmmaking. Their presence also underlined the essential stupidity of insular nationalism (or, in Canada, anti-American sentiments) especially as they relate to the arts, for their work has greatly benefited from a thorough cross-pollination of cultures.

The following portraits include excerpts from the discussion periods held during the Festival as well as from interviews with the writer:

Laurinda Hartt

Michael Barry

The Second Coming of Suzanne, 90 minutes, 35mm, colour. Written and directed by Michael Barry. Production: The Barry Film Company, 1901 Avenue of the Stars, Century City, Los Angeles. Executive Producer: Gene Barry. Producer: Ralph Burris. Photography: Isidore Mankofsky. Editing and Montages: Frank Mazzola. The song "Suzanne" written and performed by Leonard Cohen (courtesy of Columbia Records). Original Music: Don Caverhill. Art Director: Elayne Ceder. Leading Players: Sondra Locke (Suzanne), Paul Sand (the Artist), Jared Martin (Logan), Richard Dreyfuss (Clavius), Gene Barry (TV Commentator), Kari Aualos (the Child), Gloria Stockton (the fat lady).

The Second Coming of Suzanne is Michael Barry's first feature, a fantastical commentary on the state of American society, inspired by Leonard Cohen's song/poem "Suzanne". A vivid collage of symbolic images meshed with deliberately overdrawn characterizations and a minimum of plot, this volatile mixture has elicited both enthusiastic praise and violent anger from viewers. Though the flood of symbolism threatens to overwhelm genuinely haunting imagery, frequent passages of brilliance and an overall tone of gentle humanism make it impossible to dismiss this film lightly. One cannot deny the fascination for its ability to evoke intensely personal and unpredictable responses in each viewer.

Origins of "Weekly"

"I wanted to make a film about what a free press was or could be. This was in 1970 when Nixon's doubletalk and doublethink had become institutionalized in newspaper headlines and on television and it was scary . . . I figured that approaching that idea through I.F. Stone's newspaper would be a way to make it interesting to watch. The second part of the idea was that if one man, working alone and from public material available to anybody, could uncover so much of what was going on beneath the surface — what did that say about the large journalistic organizations that bring us the bulk of the news every day? It suggests they weren't doing much of a job. . . . Certainly, there's no question that it's Izzy who makes the film come to life."

I.F. Stone's first response to someone making a film about him was that it was "nutty" and that Bruck was simply "crazy" to do it. By the time he saw the completed film, Izzy Stone loved it enough to make personal appearances at showings. Bruck's initial shooting commenced in 1970 and work proceeded in fits and starts over the next three years, directed by the presence (or lack) of money.

"I. F. Stone's Weekly was not an expensive film to make at all," states Bruck. "It cost roughly \$32,000 including a certain amount of expenses for myself over the three years." His approach to film involves a minimal number of people with basic necessary equipment. Bruck was producer, director, cinematographer, editor and writer of the narration, expanding this crew of one to a total of seven or eight as various people recorded location sound during three years' production. To pay his rent, Bruck worked on odd jobs between shooting periods. He was also involved in editing a collection of Stone's writings entitled "Polemics and Prophecies 1967-1970" published by Random House.

Completed and released in the fall of 1973, *Weekly* has won international acclaim, awards including the New York American Film Festival's Emily Award and the John Grierson Award, became this year's Underground Hit at Cannes, and was finally shown on Canadian television a year after its completion — delayed, in part, due to concern over its "lack of Canadian content".

Distributing Your Own

From the outset, Jerry Bruck Jr. has promoted and distributed his own film. Why? "Half the reason was that I felt the only person crazy enough to make sure that it would be seen would be the person crazy enough to have made it in the first place. If I were a businessman, I would consider Bruck's film ideas a very risky investment. . . . Furthermore, the reason for my own distribution of this film is as a survival tactic. Making documentary films, independently, not pre-sold, is no way to get rich. If independent film production on this continent is to become self-sustaining, the basic ingredient is a direct connection between the producers and their paying markets. And I had utter confidence that I would see it through because I had that kind of personal commitment to it."

"I've been criticized by many distributors as a filmmaker who has turned into a distributor. The spectre conjured up is of somebody who puts aside what he should be doing in order to distribute a film. But the process of fund-raising often takes much longer than what I've spent distributing the film. If filmmakers do their own distribution and have any success at it, the net result will be more films. I think that is a good net effect."

"After I started, a number of other advantages became clear. The first one was money. Since January (1974) I. F. Stone's *Weekly* has not only recovered its production costs, but a considerably higher figure that was spent in making prints, promotion, posters, and all sorts of other enormous

Origins of "The Second Coming of Suzanne"

"I heard the song "Suzanne" seven years ago. The first verse deals with a girl and gave me the image of a very pure young woman. The second verse deals with Christ, and the third concerns the girl again. Cohen doesn't interlace them — they're very separate. But from it I visualized the image of a female Christ — a young woman on the cross. I didn't know if this was what Cohen had in mind, but the idea stayed in my head for a very long time so I started to write about it in order to vent my obsession."

"We had gone ahead and made the entire project without the rights to the song. Cohen's lawyer had said, "No rights", and although I had the rights for other versions, I wanted Leonard Cohen's version. And his blessing. So I finally went to him with a rough cut. I was very scared — I had admired him for so long and his work has influenced me greatly — and here I was, showing him work that was vibrating off *his*. It was a very frightening screening. When it was over, he blew my mind! He was overwhelmed and he *gave* me the song. He said that to him, it was a perfect visual representation — an extension of the song, and that "We must have hooked up. It's yours — for free!" I don't know how I 'hooked up' but Cohen feels the film captured very much what he was saying."

The Logistics

Michael Barry's work as writer/director and prime mover extended over three and a half years from screenplay to realization — dictated by the flow and ebb of money. "We'd get our financing and then it would fall apart. It was agonizing." The estimated budget is \$800,000 *on paper* — a projection of the ultimate cash outlay once all deferred salaries and expenses are totalled. Working totally outside "the big studio trap", Barry assembled a small union crew (working for scale — still the largest expenditure of available cash) and a 32-member cast working for half-scale through an experimental designation granted by the Screen Actors Guild. Elaborate production concerns were demanded by the surreal style, but most expenses — including equipment and lab costs and Barry's and editor/producer Frank Mazzola's salaries — were completely deferred.

"The way it all came together was through a love of film. All actors and crew members got minimal cash, plus promises of deferred cash and a percentage. The making of *Suzanne* was, in the truest sense, a gathering of artists — each fulfilling his or her specialty and working against the wishes of agents or managers. The artists were completely receptive to my personal approach — side-steppint agents — and each alliance made the next easier to achieve. Shooting was very businesslike — a tight two-month schedule, six days a week, 13 and 14 hours per day on location in and around San Francisco. This is not just one man's project — it's a composite of energies from start to finish. Each artist, on both sides of the camera, gave *everything*."

Comments/reactions to criticism that the total budget reflects a "rich culture"

"The money wasn't spent because the film came from a rich culture or a rich bank. It was made by a lot of individuals who were willing to put up 'X' amount of time — I spent *three years* going from individual to individual begging, borrowing and putting it all together piece by piece! Not with cash — that's all on paper! Very little cash has been spent yet. Everybody's riding with it, trying to make the project work. Our culture was willing to support it and I'm glad it was willing to do that rather than spend the money on three car commercials or something like that. I'm pretty pleased and proud that a film as experimental as ours could be made at

expenses including subtitled prints for Cannes. Now it's starting to make money and will finance future films."

"I'm not going to spend my whole life distributing this film. I'm not going to spend more than another three months working on it full time. Filmmaking and distribution are two different emotional worlds. Producers and distributors *do not* share a community of interests. It should be generally realized that the daily practice in all forms of show business is a jungle daily practice. Everybody is battling, fighting everybody else with all kinds of dirty tricks. And to really enter into the process of the next movie, I'm going to have to step out of this. But you can never step out of it altogether. I see one day a week forever, writing special letters to people and so on. . . ."

Bruck plans to write down his experiences with film distribution and make the information available as soon as possible. "It's going to be about how to distribute films. Over the years this has been done by other filmmakers with other films and with relatively good results, but no-one has heard about those and how it's being done. I'm trying to codify and write down everything I've learned over the last year and make it available to anybody else who wants to do the same thing. As soon as I can type it up, it will be available for a dollar through the mail."

"What I'm trying to do in my 'pushy and arrogant' way, is to provide filmmakers with information that will help them look out for themselves. I want to demonstrate that one person — working alone, without prior experience, with only the haziest idea of what needs to be done, and certainly with no working capital to start with — can do this on his or her own."

The Future

"I want to continue making documentaries and I want to continue making them in black and white — it permits a style of filmmaking that I think is important. I want to make documentaries that interpret the world and maybe in some small way help make it better." □

that level of quality and with as little cash."

Barry acknowledged that he is "going way out on a limb" by choosing to work in a commercial format (35mm colour features) with non-commercial concepts. However, his basic interest is in bringing experimental film approaches into the mainstream of film production, and he is prepared to risk rejection by both camps.

The Future

"I don't think you can predict what is going to happen with this film. First I spent a year writing and rewriting it. Then directing and editing. *That* was a long process. Now we are selling and exploring where our market is. I resisted it at first, but now I'm realizing that it's part of the process. It's tiring, but if you want to maintain autonomy, you have to learn. I don't know anything about film festivals and distribution and all that — Frank and I are learning as we go."

The Second Coming of Suzanne has already won three awards at the 1974 Atlanta International Film Festival (Best First Feature for Michael Barry, Best Film Editor for Frank Mazzola, and Best Cinematographer for Isidore Mankofsky). "We want to make the next film together too. Frank and I want to start a company and trade roles making films — I'll write and produce and he'll direct and edit and then he'll produce and I'll direct. . . . Who knows if **The Second Coming of Suzanne** will make it? But if you don't have any goals, there is nothing to shoot for." □



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Why Rock The Boat?

Why Rock The Boat? A Columbia Pictures presentation of a National Film Board feature production. Directed by John Howe. Produced by William Weintraub. Executive Producer: James de B. Domville. Screenplay by William Weintraub. Director of Photography: Savas Kalogeras. Music and Lyrics by John Howe. Production Designer: Earl Preston. Film Editor: Marie-Hélène Guillemin. Recording by Jacques Drouin. Sound Editor: Vic Merrill. Costume Designer: Philippa Wingfield.

It was the closest a Canadian film had ever come to a mass, extravaganza opening for a feature: several cities — and in good theatres — were to premier the National Film Board feature *Why Rock the Boat?* The entire country would be blanketed through October and November. And in town to talk about the film were stars Ken James and Tiú Leek, and director John Howe.

Assembled in a hotel room, they were lined up in chairs. But if anyone leaned forward slightly it was Howe. A veteran Film Board director, he made it clear it was his film, and he was proud of it, while at the same time emphasising the invaluable hard work, effort, talent and success of his co-workers.

"The film was made from the novel by my producer and co-writer William Weintraub. But, and it may sound egoistic for me to say it, this isn't William Weintraub's *Why Rock the Boat?*, it's John Howe's *Why Rock the Boat?* The film is not the book, it has a life of its own. Bill is a very big part in it, don't get me wrong, we worked well and long to achieve what we did. But in this instance you're not just working with words, you're working with images and attitudes."

Howe went on to explain the evolution of novel into film. "My problem with the novel, when Weintraub brought me his first draft screenplay, which wasn't a film, was that the novel is picaresque, it's anarchistic. Weintraub's a marvellously brilliant farcical writer but it's mostly narrative, and you have to find a way to translate that narrative thing in a way that the audience doesn't know you're doing it. The character of Ronny is an instrument, through which I can communicate all of Harry's inner thoughts and feelings, and at the same time he's the leash on Harry's sentimentality, idealism, and knocks down everything Harry's set up. So his character grew to a great extent from what it was in the book.

"I never asked Weintraub what they looked like visually. He was very surprised at what some of the people looked like. I

cast Ken James in my mind while I was working on the screenplay. I spent a great deal of time in casting, and obviously I was bringing some of the writing to bear on this man's abilities as an actor. I think eighty per cent of a director's job in terms of acting is casting. What happens between the actor and the role is a third thing which is the character. There is a great deal of space for the performer to create. He must be right for the role and right in relation to the others. They create a world, and when they're in that world, that world begins to emerge and my job is simple: I say go this way. If I mention a scene, they can almost write it for you. They shouldn't; I don't believe in that improvisation shit."

Ken James added, "If you notice in the shooting, John very rarely nails his camera to the floor. He choreographs it around the action, he paints the action. That's why it's great to work with him as an actor, because instead of a ten second take you get three or four minutes for a scene. That's tremendous for the actor, especially if like myself, you're from the stage."

Actors, script, and so on may be instruments, but what about the final result? What should it be? Howe says, "First of all we were attempting to make an entertaining film, so that when people pay three bucks they can come out and say it was well spent. But you don't just tell a film on one level because that's just Wayne and Shuster on TV. All kinds of things should be happening in the background, all kinds of undercurrents that are overlapping." Two of those undercurrents are unionism and a certain attitude towards nostalgia. It's inevitable from my union background that even the barest smell of the progression towards unionism would take on strength and flavour. In many ways Harry's growth reflects a kind of growth in Canadian union politics in that era. The forties were an innocent time, and we were an innocent people, believing in the rightness of the Queen and the strength of the British Empire. Our growth was very rightist and it comes from the



English tradition of keeping your place. When the great Call for World War Two went out, we went off to fight. The growth of any kind of social awareness was only happening at that time. The part Tiiu plays is really far out. She's a very unusual character for the era. I mean, the *Montreal Gazette* is still not unionised. At the same time in the film, she's ambiguous as a person, because she also is seen from Harry's viewpoint, as ideal, romantic love.

"In the last scene, what I wanted to leave in the audience's mind is what happened next week or next month. Did he step out of the frying pan into the fire? Because that's what happened: we made it Bam into the sixties. He is as unsettled in his mind as we were in the forties.

"But I was very disappointed to read in a recent *Maclean's*-Canadians remembering the war years as a marvellous time and as a good thing for Canada."

There was no thought of cashing in on a nostalgia boom, mainly because a first try at making the film took place in 1971. But Howe sees the film as an added bonus in getting the audience into the theatre. "More people will see the film, and if eighty per cent of the audience pays to see nostalgia, and keeps the film running, that won't upset me either. For one thing, I've been in this business long enough to know that if only two or three people hear what you care about, then it's worthwhile.

"But there's more involved. *Why Rock The Boat?* needs support to keep running. I feel a commercial pressure because we're in a commercial business. Those managers out there have a living to make, and they don't care about nationality. If the film brings in money, they'll run it for years. Feature making in Canada is a card game in which the cards are stacked against us. My competition out there in those cinemas is *The Sting*. Big movies with big production budgets and big stars and big advance hype. Our market is too small for big budgets, so the film has to be better than its competition. That means every

nickel has to look like ten. I don't want my budget published because I want people to think it cost double.

"We have to increase our output to keep people working and keep them here. A quota is not the problem. We need money for production, and we get it when we have a market that can return it in an economic way. I'm sick and tired of handouts. We should apply muscle and a little reciprocity. American films take a hell of a lot of money out of our box office. An Eady-type plan to pour the money back in as well as some percentage of films shown on the American circuits. Otherwise it's charity, and I'm sick and tired of that. Like the Canada Council, it's applying a band-aid instead of getting at the diagnosis and curing the illness. And the CFDC, as much as it's been a great help, is the same thing, unless it can get actively involved in distribution. It's the old Canadian way of ducking out. We don't have any trouble with wheat reciprocity or oil; why can't we do it with this product?"

John Howe is tired. He's just completed two films back to back (*Boat* and the TV musical in the Language series, *A Star is Lost*) and all he wants to do is retire for a while and write music at his country place. In fact, it was writing the forties style music for the film that he enjoyed most. As the conversation closes, however, he reiterates his purpose.

"What I was at pains to create was a Canadian thing in the Forties, with universal messages or whatever. We see ourselves. Harry could not be anything but a Canadian boy, couldn't exist anywhere but here. Our people can see it and say 'Wow' and still say I enjoyed paying three bucks to see it." □

Stephen Chesley

National Film Board, Léopold Z. Then the CFDC came in and then Denys Héroux made a couple of films that proved you could make money making films in Quebec. So there was a bit of a crest and I rode it. But these guys were in the same situation I was in — everybody was learning. They had done a lot of shooting — mainly slow zooms on quiet seagulls for the National Film Board — but now they were working in the private sector. The director would come on the set and you'd sense he was groping . . . He hadn't slept the night before worrying about how the hell he'd shoot this next scene. Everybody was learning!

Which directors do you like working with most?

I like to work with Gilles Carle. I personally enjoy working with that man and I really like him very much . . . Pierre Harel, who made *Bulldozer* — which was released two years after it was shot — he has great potential and I like working with him. Denys Arcand is a guy I've worked with just a little bit, but I'd like to work with him. I like Don Owen very much — as a man and the way he operates. I've worked in Canada and I've worked in Québec, so there are quite a few directors . . . I'd like to make a cowboy movie. A Leone or something like that. That would be different.

Do you have any other unfulfilled ambitions?

I'm not really ambitious. I'm not a very hard worker, and I try to live day by day. If I'm happy today and tomorrow looks alright — that's okay with me. It's really not more complicated than that. If I'd tell you something else, I'd have to make it up. That's how it is. I'm doing something I like and what's important is if I'm satisfied. I've done films I was very unhappy with and they've become great successes. Take a film like *Deux Femmes en Or* which has made about three million dollars for an investment of \$240,000. In Québec, that film went on and on, it was still playing all summer. This year! For that amount of money, in Québec, everyone has seen it three times! But I'm not happy — it's not one of my favourite films. There are scenes in there that I don't even want to think about!

Jutra once said that coming to Toronto was like going to a foreign country — did you feel that way while you were here for the "Collaborators" series?

Not at all. I enjoyed Toronto. I've met some fantastic people and the food is fine and it's a beautiful town. I even refused a film in France because I wanted to do this *Collaborators* series. It was just an instinct, a feeling in my guts that I wanted to come and work here. That's the way I think. I knew of Don Shebib, Don Owen, Stan Olsen and Peter Carter but I had never worked with them. This gave me a chance to work with these people and get to know them, and learn about the CBC — *that's* an experience! If I were offered a fantastic chance to work in France or the States or England or whatever, I would take it. I really don't have that thing that it's got to happen *here*. It might continue and I could continue working here — fine. That would be a lot of fun. So I enjoyed all this. But I'm very happy to go back home. I love Québec very much. I bought a house there and I have a little bit of land and I will always go back to that. I need the contact with other Québécois, that's something very special. But that will not stop me from going out and discovering the world.

Do you get reproached for that attitude and for working in English?

Probably, in some circles, but that's not my problem. It doesn't bother me. There are a lot of people who are café intellectuals and they sit and write their little papers and they're going to change the world . . . But you offer them a position with the Los Angeles Times and the guy's gonna move, my friend, so fast! Not all of them, but some circles . . . Some people don't work in film — they work in politics.

Maybe that's necessary too . . .

It is necessary, but I respect them and they should respect me



and what I'm doing.

What has happened is that instead of us being one circle, it's gotten to be a few circles. We all have our problems and differences but we're working at it. But there is one thing I am sure of — if the moment comes when we all have to rally — I'd be on the next plane to Québec. It's still there . . .

—A. Ibrányi-Kiss

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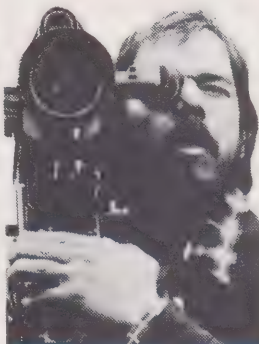
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BLOOMFIELD



— A. Ibrányi-Kiss

Child Under A Leaf — written, directed and edited by George Bloomfield, Produced by Murray Shostak and Robert Baylis, Director of Cinematography — Don Wilder, Music composed and conducted by Francis Lai, Art Director — Jocelyn Joly, Location Sound Recordist — Henri Blondeau, Assistant Directors — Sunny Cullen, John Fretz, Maury Chaykin, Assistant Cameraman — Rick Maguire, Production

Manager — Stan Schwartz. Starring: Dyan Cannon, Donald Pilon, Joseph Campanella, Albert S. Waxman, Micheline Lanctot, Bud Knapp, Bess Bloomfield and Julie Bullock. Potterton Productions in association with Ethos Productions, with assistance from the Canadian Film Development Corporation.

(Interviewed by Stephen Chesley and Á. Ibrányi-Kiss.)

How has "Child Under a Leaf" been received?

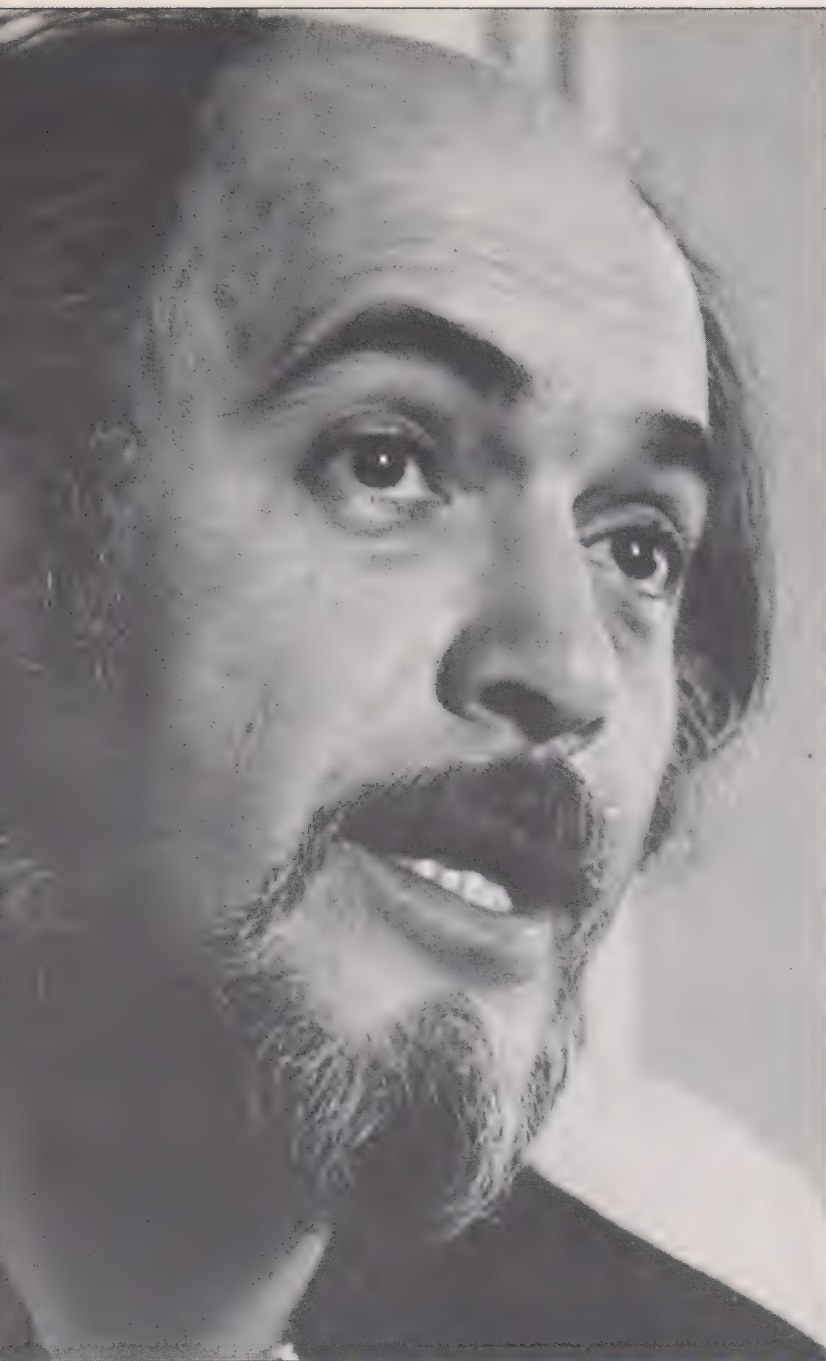
It's a strange thing. It's had a mixture of reactions, which has really surprised me. I thought if anything, it's one of those pictures that would have a generally sympathetic reaction. It has gotten some violent reactions in a number of people! Most women have responded well. It's a very romantic film, I think. But men, very sensitive men have responded very well, but men who also may be sensitive but who are nervous in their relationships with women, men who are a little uneasy about man/woman roles and, I suppose, men who are nervous about their wives — it's amongst those men that I have had very violent reactions.

That probably has a lot to do with the fact that your film is obviously from the point of view of the man—who is depicted as being very sensitive towards women. That has become

unusual in the wake of films like **Clockwork Orange**, **Easy Rider**, **Straw Dogs**, **Last Detail**, **Carnal Knowledge**, etc. — all films which have reacted against the Women's Movement.

The film is from Pilon's point of view, you're absolutely right. He represents the fantasies of what a lover would be in the minds of an awful lot of mature women. He has that sensitivity, that virility, but at the same time he's not a bull. That could very well be what makes some men very nervous seeing it.

There's certainly nothing controversial about it — it's a very simple film. We're talking about human beings and certain set of feelings between human beings. If you start dealing with the plot line of **Child Under A Leaf**, it's the same plot line you might find in soap opera. There's no question about it. It's true the emphasis goes entirely the other way, but the



situation occurs in exactly those circumstances. We look at it and say, "Isn't it obvious that the man should be wealthy and have a nice home?" But isn't it also true that the man is wealthy and has a nice home? A number of people have said, "Why doesn't she leave her husband and go to this guy if she really loves him?" How many people do you know who are absolutely miserable in their marriage? Why don't they leave?

It's strange because we live with that all the time. Yet, when it's put into a film, people ask those questions. The truth frustrates. People want a specific answer because they don't know why *they* don't leave and they hope to get an answer in the film. They don't get that answer, but maybe they see a mirror reflection of what they're doing with their lives and hopefully, that will give them the answer.

Why do we stay in situations we absolutely hate? We really hate being in our jobs, or we hate being with this other person. Yet we invite this other person over to our house — or we *live* with this other person. And it goes on and on and on. Why don't we stop that? That really has a lot to do with what the picture is about. Why don't we act on what we want to do? If we love, why don't we live out that love instead of living out the frustrations and masochistic things we do to ourselves to avoid dealing with it and taking our chances if necessary?

Haven't you been in that situation — where you couldn't do what you had to or wanted to? Where your situation seemed hopeless?

It's certainly not the way I live my life. I wouldn't do what those people in my film do — I did once. I was involved in something not unlike what the story is about. That's where the story came from. But I would never do it again. It's too destructive a force. I've taken a number of chances with my life. The day when I feel I've stopped taking chances is the day I'm going to feel I'm starting to get old. Getting old is being afraid to take chances anymore.

Your first film, "Jenny", certainly took a lot of chances . . .

I guess I was lucky to be asked to do *Jenny* at the time. Martin Lavut and myself rewrote that screenplay and it ended up being a slightly more sensitive film about that woman. I was very fortunate to be able to influence the producer with it, because it was a first film. That had a lot to do with the fact that Marlo Thomas loved it and wanted to do it and she was his name star at the time. Stars have a tremendous influence on what you're able to do as a director when you're working in the American film industry. That's a fact.

It's interesting that both these films have lead dramatic roles for women, which has become increasingly rare since the 1940's. Why aren't more scripts written with major female characters?

I think it's because there are more men writing scripts than women. . . . But one of the things you have to recognize is that the pictures which actually get done *get done* not because some sensitive writer has written a terrific script and a fine director comes along and says, "My God! This is a terrific script! Let's do it!" There's this other character involved, called the producer, who has to get the money. And that guy usually has a lot of opinions and usually they're not quite as sensitive as that fine writer and director. They're based more on, "Who's going to see this? Is this a grabber?" A lot of those things get involved when it comes to the nitty-gritty of actually making it happen. I suspect there are probably a lot of terrific scripts about women that aren't being made because a producer doesn't think it's going to be box-office.

Did you have any of those problems with "Child Under A Leaf"?

It was a different thing altogether because I had a producer who was enthused about making the same film I wanted to make. *Child Under A Leaf* was a script I wrote about eight years ago, just prior to leaving the CBC. It was sold to a Hollywood company a week after I wrote it and I had an option to direct. They came up with a package with a good name star who I couldn't see in the part, at all. I lost my option and they paid me for the script. Then, I guess, their money fell through and that script sat on a shelf down there for about seven years.

When I first got together with Murray (Shostak), I gave him a screenplay I had just completed — along with a number of other things including *Child* — so he could see where my head was at. He came back and said he liked my screenplay but he really loved *Child Under A Leaf*. So we bought it back and then I rewrote it completely. It irked me that we had bought it back, because the only things that remained the same were the characters and the title. The dialogue and the situation had to be changed because of the seven year gap. A lot of things had changed . . . but Murray Shostak happened to love that piece and supported me all the way. I didn't have any conflict in terms of whether it will be a box-office success or not — that's something we both have to live with.

How do you feel about directing material you wrote?

One of the things I try to do is to abandon the writer the moment I begin directing. When I've written it myself and I'm directing, I don't hesitate to slash it whenever it's necessary. I find myself cursing the writer when it's me . . .

What does Bloomfield the writer get cursed for most often?

Very often, he's excessive with dialogue. He sometimes doesn't recognize the fact that once the image is there the words aren't necessary. I think that's true for a lot of writers who are writing for film today.

Prior to film, you had an impressive career at the CBC — what made you leave?

After four years of 90-minute drama, I was gradually using videotape very much as film — I was shooting on one camera and editing as I would a feature. This procedure was not too practical within the Corporation setup, they don't really have the facility for it, and I'm remembered for that activity to this day! But I suppose I was preparing myself to make feature films, and when the opportunity came along, I took it.

As a person, I'm fairly competitive. By that, I mean I need to feel surrounded by people who are doing work that is better than mine. This sounds very immodest, but I felt I had reached the point, then, where I was doing the best work. So I decided to get into an environment where people were doing better work than me. That was the year after all the people who were better than me had already left! Or most, because there were one or two very good ones who stayed for reasons of their own.

But people like Jewison, David Greene, Kotcheff, myself — when we left the CBC, we didn't leave to go into the film industry here because it was non-existent. A lot of us are coming back now because it's starting to exist. I can't really speak for the others, but I suspect their motivations were very similar.

You recently taught the Directors' Training Course at the CBC — how did that come about? Have you ever done this kind of thing before?

I have never done anything such as that before, but when the National Theatre School first began, I taught there for two years. I came into this course at a late stage. I happened to be passing by and went to see some old friends at the CBC. I was there for five minutes when I was pounced upon and asked to conduct this training course. When they told me who the people were, I thought it might be a rather stimulating experience. Also they had asked me to do a television drama, and I hadn't done any for about a year, so I thought it might be a good idea to train these guys and get back into doing television that way.

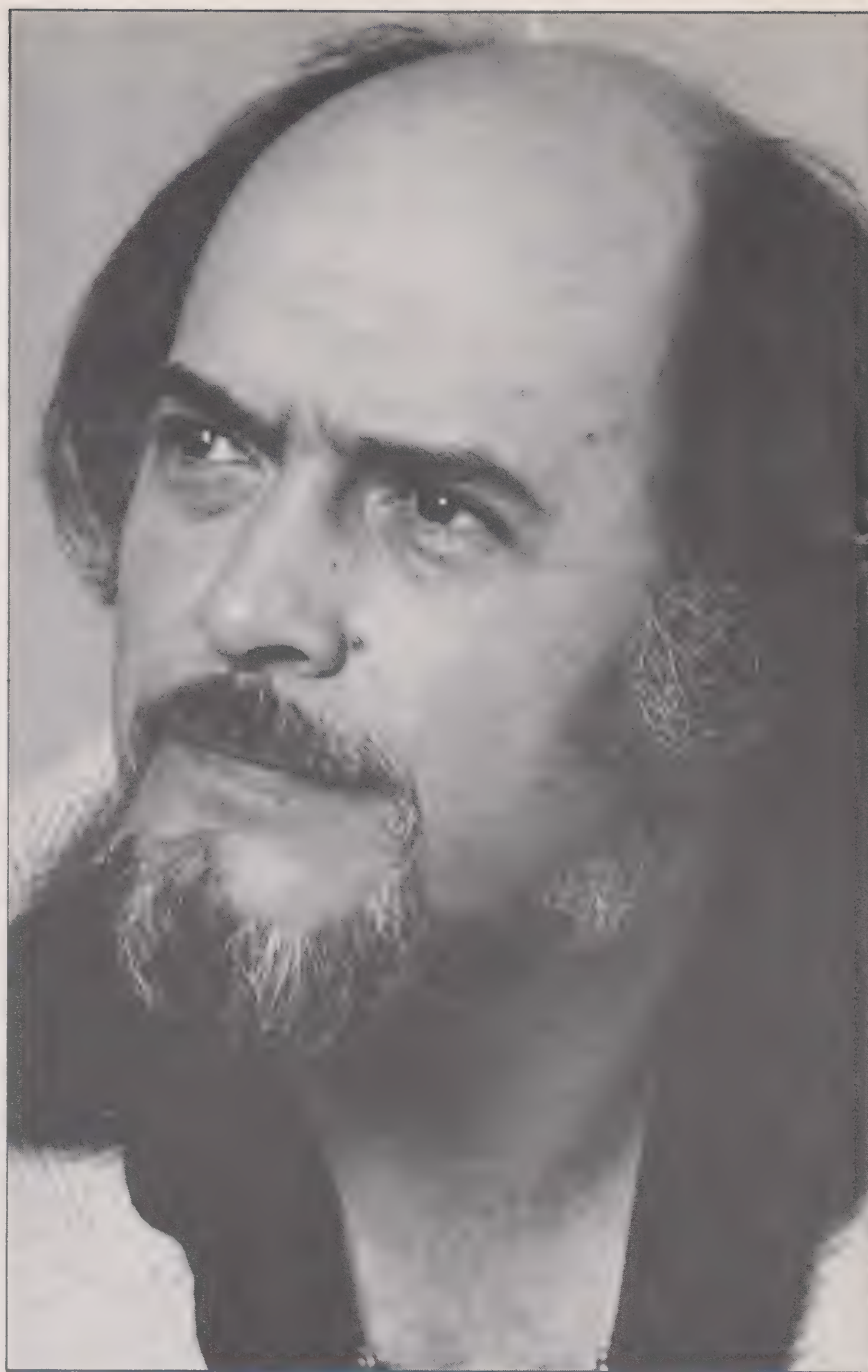
Specifically, what did these directors lack most?

Confidence. The greatest thing you can give anybody dealing with self-expression is confidence. It's very vague whether you're going to reach anybody else when you're about to express yourself. You're in a very vulnerable position.

I assumed, and rightly so, that I was working with talented and experienced directors who knew how to work with actors and how to interpret drama. They had done mainly theatre. My job was simply to bridge the gap between their work in theatre towards being able to select a sequence of visual images.

Weren't any of the directors from a film background?

There were a couple . . . Deborah Peaker and Tim Bond have done more film. It's a reverse situation there — they needed more exercise in working with actors. They already had image selectivity going for them. Deborah, for example, is also very, very good with actors. She has a built-in instinct for it and I suspect Tim also has that. But even for them — they're used to shooting film. They're not used to the four-camera system. That's a whole different thing. I found that myself, after the luxury of the past eight years of carefully fixing one camera precisely where you want it and having the time to light that set-up perfectly — to suddenly controlling four cameras floating around the floor and getting into each other's shots and having to settle for general lighting because you have to light for all four of them . . . that's quite a shaking experience!



One of the strongest criticisms of Hirsch's approach has been that he's bringing in everyone from theatre. He doesn't think our filmmakers know anything about actors or directing. The composition of directors in that course seems to bear that out. What do you think of Hirsch's policies?

To go back for a minute — when that whole group of directors left the CBC years ago, the producers and directors for the Drama Department had to come from somewhere. So they came from other, totally unrelated departments, because they knew how to operate the booths. The fact that they didn't know how to control actors or put together a piece of drama led to that department's demise. It explains why Hirsch takes the attitude that directors don't know anything about actors or drama. As a generalization, it would be wrong to say that none of our filmmakers know the first thing about actors. But certainly a lot of them don't. What training have they ever had with actors? They may have some instinct but a lot of them don't know the first damned thing about drama and they're doing feature films! It might seem like an over-reaction on his part, but Hirsch is taking a strong, definite approach. His approach is to go back to theatre, find people who at least begin with the knowledge of how to put drama together, and see if they have an instinct for working the cameras.

It seems to me it's easier to learn how to control cameras and select shots than how to deal with people and get performances from actors and evaluate material. That's Hirsch's approach right now, and I think it's correct. I can understand his saying, "It's all shit" in order to try to start somewhere and make it better. That's perfectly valid. Hirsch is shaking up that institution!

Have you seen the changes?

I feel them within the Corporation, within the Drama Department. I don't see the results yet, but there hasn't been time for that to happen. Shows we are producing now are not going to come out until next season. Hopefully, that's when you'll see the results.

Is there anything terribly controversial I can answer for you?

Do you feel any obligation to work within the Canadian film industry and help it get off the ground?

No. I'm happier when I have an opportunity to do it here because I feel I'm contributing something more than just doing another picture. But do I feel an obligation to fight to try to make it happen in Canada? No. I'm a director. I'm not a politician and I'm not a businessman. To me, that's secondary. I have no energies to waste on that. Doing a film is more important than straightening out a country's attitude towards a business. That's all it is.

I've had an opportunity to do one for Canada, and I hope to hell it does well so that it helps the industry. I'm happier doing it here because that means that the business world, the government, and the attitude of this country towards an industry is ready to support my contribution. I am therefore ready to support theirs.

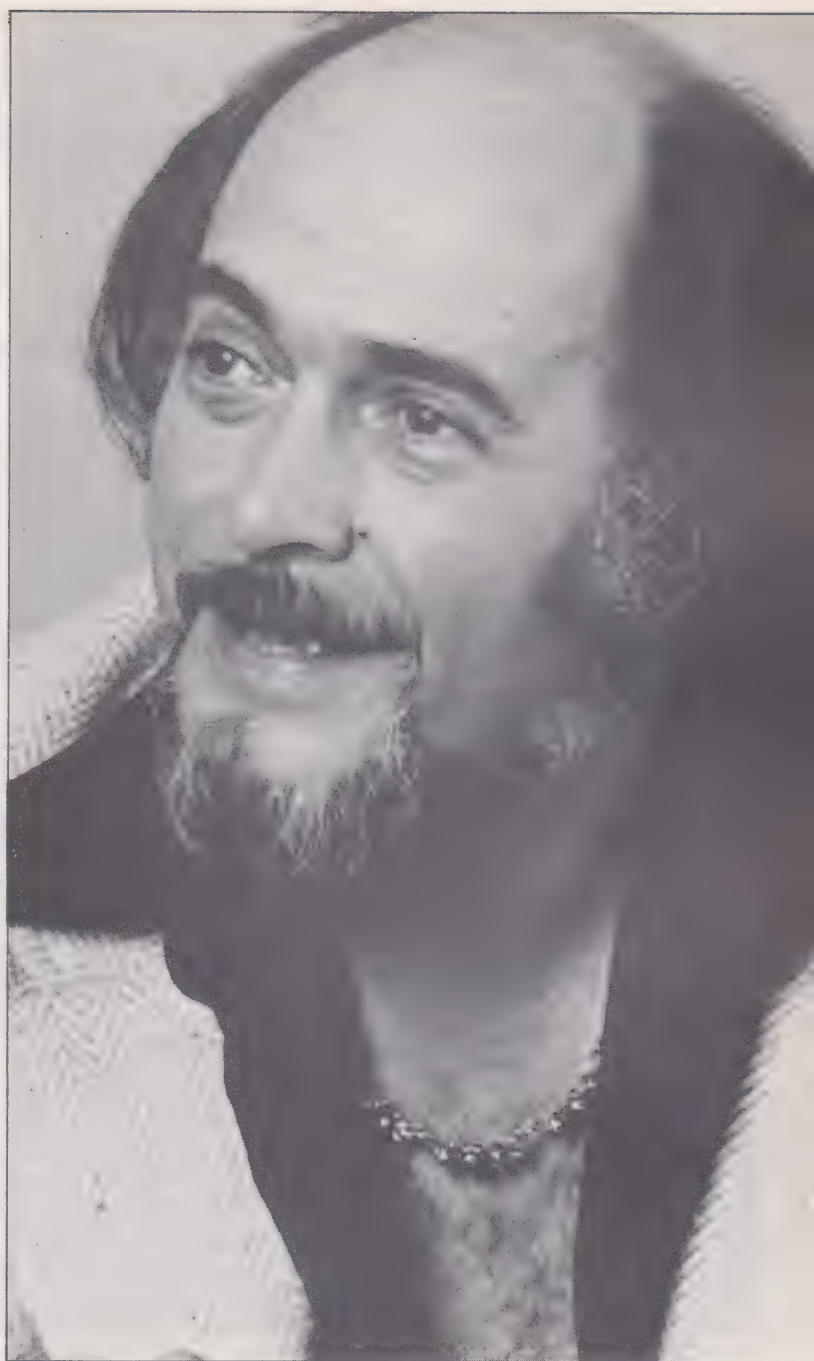
I don't think it would be difficult to get Canadian financing for Norman Jewison to make a movie here. It's probably more difficult to get financing for Bloomfield to do a film here, so why the hell should I hang around? When we all get this attitude, and go and make films everywhere else and start winning reputations elsewhere — then the industry is going to have a real boom. Why shouldn't I go away and come back with a reputation that makes financing for me to make a movie easier? And it's easier for me to do that elsewhere.

We're talking about the same end. We want to make movies. Businessmen want to make them to make money. We want to make them because that is our means of expression, our livelihood. I'll direct anywhere I can.

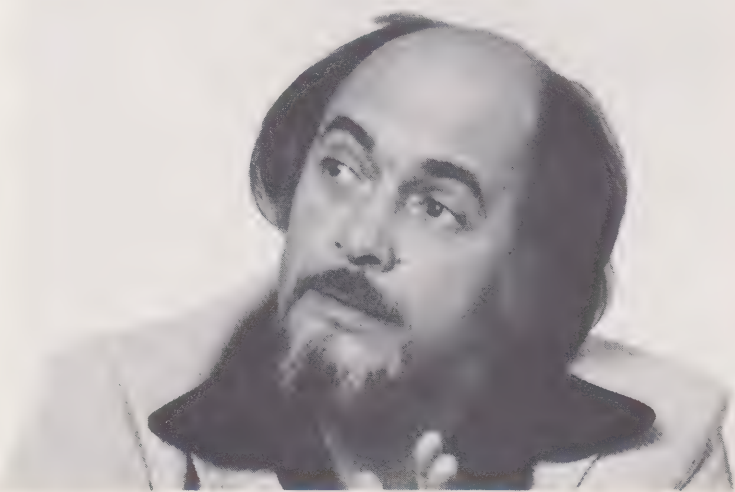
How does the state of the Canadian industry look to you?

The big thing we've got going for us now is the CFDC. The CFDC is in a position to do a hell of a lot of good, but in certain areas they're behaving in a totally stupid fashion. They try to evaluate the script and the business people involved. They'll give money to a tough producer because they know he'll bring that film in On Budget, On Time. And they end up with a pile of shit that was brought in On Time. A director and a producer have to come in together. If that relationship is no good, nothing is going to happen. The CFDC should look at who the director is and who that producer is — it's none of their business what is being made. They put as much money into skinflicks and straight exploitation flicks as they put into something that might be good — so who the hell are they to create a standard? That's bullshit!

They fancy themselves as business agents. They're not. Their survival is as touch and go as the rest of us, and they're not filmmaking oriented. They do a very clever thing in order not to have prejudice on script reports — they take the name of the director and writer off the script and hand it to somebody who says (and we had comments like this on one of the reader's reports for *Child* . . .), "I'm sorry but I've never done this before, but I'll try since you're paying me to do it." That is absolute idiocy! If Fellini or Truffaut came to me and said, "Here. I want to direct a telephone book . . ." I'd say,



"Let's get money! I've got Fellini!" You know? I can watch a Truffaut or Fellini film and make a rapid decision to become a tailor, because I feel there is so much further to go when I see something of theirs. I came out of seeing Bergman's *Cries and Whispers* thinking, "Possibly a tailor, maybe a carpenter. . ."



Notes for an article I could not write



Someone once imprinted the phrase "Honesty is the best policy" on my impressionable mind (I think the culprits were my parents) and I haven't been able to erase it since.

I went to great lengths to write a piece about **125 Rooms of Comfort**. I tracked down stills, got cast and crew lists, studied resumé's, read backgrounds, talked to anyone/everyone involved in it. I really tried.

Couldn't do it.

All I've got is 125 versions of confusion, 125 visions of collages . . .

Talked to producer Don Haig. Suffering from paternal labour pains. He's one of the most respected editors in the business. Has his own company — Film Arts. Produced their first feature. Haig really believes in this film. He's beautiful. After getting enough of a reputation (and resulting work) to be able to take it easy in security — he's got the itch. Taking enormous risks. Hassled through the CFDC rewrites, the on-again-off-again money, and is now ready to hassle through the insanity of trying to get a low-budget Canadian feature *seen*. May the Gaffer in the Sky bless producers like him . . .

Interviewed Patrick Loubert. Very nervous about the film. Took so long, so long. Innovative, talented, he's one of that precious handful of emerging directors English Canada needs so desperately. He's young, yet old enough to have bittersweet memories of starving on Spadina and wondering if you could make another film by hocking your useless honors awards

125 Rooms of Comfort – directed by Patrick Loubert, produced by Don Haig, Associate Producer – Deanne Judson, written by Patrick Loubert, Script Consultant William Fruet, based on a story by Victor Coleman and David Young. Director of Photography – Henri Fiks, sound by David Lee, edited by Thomas Berner and Gordon McLellan, 2nd Unit Director – Michael Hirsh, 1st Assistant Director – Ian McDougall, 2nd A.D. – Bill Corcoran, Assistant Cameraman – Gred Guthe, continuity – Penny Hynam, Key Grip – Lou Graydon, Gaffer and Special Effects – Jock Brandis, Grip – Robert Holmes, Boom –

Aerlyn Weissman, Set Designer – Patricia Gruben, Wardrobe by Granada Gazelle, and Danny Storto, Production Assistants – Ken Brown, Rhoda Goldstein, Gretchen Park, Stephanie Aboud, Tony Hall. Make-up by Fred Kondal, titles by Clive Smith, music by Patricia Cullen, Libra and Fergus. CAST: Bob Warner, Tim Henry, Robert Silverman, Jackie Burroughs and introducing Les Barker. A Film Arts Production with the assistance of the CFDC. Premiered at Filmexpo, 1974.



from university. Survived (like everyone else) on Canada Council and POCA grants falling intermittently his way. As if someone forgot to lock them up.

Not that he hasn't produced – he's had all kinds of scripts on radio and television, all kinds of really fine shorts for Telescope, Gallery, OECA, the works. Just no money . . . Some of his stuff I really loved, like **The Great Canadian Comic Books** (written up in No.5) and the script he wrote for **Super Joe** (should have been written up – fantastically fine animated theatrical short – funny, beautiful, good feelings). Never got to see his book on Cdn. Comics – should call up Peter Martin or maybe even buy a copy. He's good. One of the crazy and wonderful people who call themselves Nelvana Limited. Doing a lot of interesting work mixing animation and live action in children's films. And Daffy Duck and Jesus Christ are two of his all-time idols. What are you supposed to do with *that* gem in a straight article?

Henri Fiks – getting to be pretty scary watching his work. He's becoming absolutely brilliant. Loved his camerawork in **Monkeys in the Attic** (raved about it in No.16). Really looking forward to seeing what he did for **Mourning Suit**, Leonard Yakir's feature. Should be seeing a print pretty soon . . .

Jackie Burroughs. Whew – what a lady! We may not have a star system yet in English Canada but there are a lot of us already who'll watch detergent commercials if she's doing them. Hope to interview her soon. Little nervous about it –



she's such an amazing actress! So fine!

Haig and Loubert were hoping no-one gets singled out — everyone worked so hard getting this film done. The editors! Try not to forget to include their names. Fantastic job. Clive Smith, who did the title sequence. Beautiful work. Really. The hassle is, how do you get everyone in when there are so many fine people involved? Would love to feel (just once) that we could do justice to all those folks whose work we admire. The actors, costumes, sound, the music, the lighting, the mix, the AD, the gaffers, the grips . . .

What can I say about the film? Kept asking the crew that while they were shooting. Nobody knew what the film was about. Jock finally came up with his perennial sunshine philosophy, "When the whole crew thinks it's good, it's gonna bomb for sure. When they don't know — well, it could be fantastic!" No wonder I never (almost never) write reviews. Probably get some for next issue. Hope they're good. Love reading good reviews. Better to leave that for people who like doing it, anyway.

What is it about? Twenty-four hours in the Grand Hotel in St. Thomas Ontario. People come and go. Lives interconnect and disentangle. What can you say? It's about people in Canada, the way only our low-budget features seem to be able to capture them. Maybe that's why I love low-budget Canadian films. They're more real. How Canadian to have to make films for such absurd amounts. How Canadian that you never get to see them. The people are people I know. Keep getting the feeling I've met them somewhere, seen them in a streetcar maybe. Or in a train station. Or shuffling back and forth on the streets between jobs/homes/jobs. Sometimes the absurdity of filling this magazine with stuff on films they never get to see gives me them old futility blues. Sometimes it's funny. It sure is Canadian.

— A. Ibrányi-Kiss



Scenes from "125 Rooms of Comfort"



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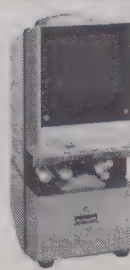
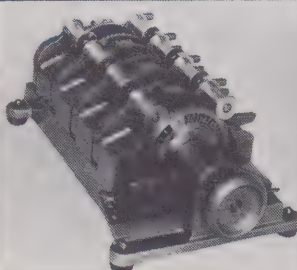
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CANADIAN by Rick Hancox FILM

In the beginning...

In yester-year, when I was a film student, I used to get awards at the Canadian Student Film Festival – until my luck changed the year the Festival went big-time, to the tune of \$10,000 total prize money. Now I can't enter anymore.

This year Famous Players Ltd., the Festival's chief benefactor, withdrew half their support and put part of it behind the new student festival of the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto. But even at five grand, the Canadian Student Film Festival is still among the richest of its kind in the world, and every Canadian film student groping for funds for their next production – or next year's tuition – ought to take it pretty seriously. You can get on the mailing list for next year's entry form by writing the Conservatory of Cinematographic Art (H-109), 1455 de Maisonneuve Blvd. West, Montréal, Québec N3G 1M8.

The Festival was founded by Dr. Serge Losique, Director of the Conservatory, whose word is law for the annual event which has remained solidly fixed at Sir George Williams University (now the Sir George Williams campus of Concordia University) for the six years of its existence, and which – Dr. Losique proudly announced at the end of this year's Festival – is fixed for its seventh year.

The fact that the Festival is held each year during the last week of September is unfortunate, as it is sandwiched closely between three other Canadian film festivals: the Stratford International Film Festival, the Montreal International Festival in 16mm, and the new C.N.E. Student Festival. There are too few festivals to go around in Canada to bunch them all up between August and October. The entry deadlines conflict, and students usually just don't have that many extra prints, let alone enough closely consecutive time off to attend them all.

It's clear someone has got to change, and it looks like Dr. Losique must make the first move. The other festivals just seem to have better reasons prohibiting it. Unfortunately, date-switching for filmmakers entering the Canadian Student Film Festival won't make any difference until the organizers also change the exclusive entry rule, which this year read: "No film will be accepted as an entry if it has been entered in another festival in 1974."

In an interview Dr. Losique told me the rule is "normal – it's the same rule for the Cannes Film Festival". He went on to explain that the idea was to maintain the spirit for "building something really serious".

As well-intentioned as this reasoning may sound, there was a case this year where a film called *Hill Climb*, by Peter Starr, was dropped from the programme at the last minute when it was discovered that Starr had entered a print of it in the C.N.E. festival. This kind of situation tells me the prestige Dr. Losique is after may, after all, simply benefit the Conservatory at the expense of the student. The rule is not at all "normal": of the dozens of festivals open to students in the United States, there is not one I know of that subscribes to this philosophy. On the contrary, they seem to realize students should have every festival opportunity possible to gain exposure with audiences – and compete for all the money they can win.

The exclusive entry rule, in combination with this year's creation of the C.N.E. festival occurring just prior, was undoubtedly the reason the number of entries were down to a mere half of the 1973 total. And when a national film festival has only 73 entries, and 55 of those make it to the public screenings, odds are some inferior work will squeeze past the pre-selection committee. Also, when 17 of the 18 films rejected were Quebec entries, it is clear someone is after regional representation, no matter how few the films to choose from. (I've speculated on whatever connection existed between my never having a film rejected, and the fact that I was usually the only Maritime filmmaker who entered anything.) For the 17 rejected Quebec filmmakers it's another case of submitting to the continuing mis-directed quest for nation-wide prestige and recognition. I had previously seen a number of those Quebec films which were, in fact, far superior to some in the competition: *Untamed Hooves*, by Michael Merrill, *July 16*, by John R. Gaug, *Sweat Dream*, by Stephen Foxman, and *A Film by David Adams* (by David Adams), to name a few.

Whatever excuse the pre-selection committee can make up based on restricted choices, nothing will excuse their endorsement of the three films submitted from Confederation College – *Theatre Arts*, *Filmmakers*, and *Good Morning Man*. The festival audience became suspicious, and then resentful, after the third consistently flawed film – and little wonder: whatever the truth *may* have been, the three documentaries *looked* like those confused and careless attempts at group-filmmaking funded by the college because they involve a lot of student participation, and/or carry an inherent recruiting pitch. If Confederation College does, in fact, underwrite certain films, its reputation would be much better served if it concentrated on those individuals free to make a personal statement. In a festival which does show, for the most part, such creative and original student work, the pre-selection committee has a responsibility to detect the appearance of ulterior advertising. It just doesn't go over – especially with more talented and deserving filmmakers rejected.

My one-man's subjective opinion tells me that sometimes the juries have given awards irresponsibly. There is a tendency to condescendingly dish out certain awards with what must be a sort of pretty-good-considering-it's-a-student-film approach – an attitude so basically negative it is little wonder *Montreal Star* critic Martin Malina didn't do much more than partially list the winning films, and add the fact that his personal choices differed from those made by the jury. Unfor-

STUDENT FESTIVAL

tunately his attitude is the same, for when I asked him why he didn't give the festival more attention (as he has done in the past), he replied bluntly, "We don't review amateur films". Mr. Malina should read Stan Brakhage's best piece of writing, "In Defense of the 'Amateur' Filmmaker" (*Filmmakers Newsletter*, Vol. 4, No. 9 & 10), and re-vitalize his adventitious terminology.

In defense of Mr. Malina on the other hand, it is easy to understand his attitude when juries seem to insist on a fallacious trap in which they find themselves giving out awards for what appears to be no more than evidence of hard work and effort, special effects, fancy sets or costumes, and general displays of 'almost-professional-looking' touches. In past years certain documentaries have seemed to win for simply having some comfortable subject: mostly films about 'rustic' country folk, or documentations of vanished, esoteric aspects of Canadian culture. Last, but not least, there is usually a token, 'youth' award to the most industrious high school kid. And all this, but for a number of worthy exceptions, without regard to how lacking in a definitive, personal style some of them are. In addition, some of the documentary prize-winners have been either plainly flippant in treating their subject, or been poorly organized, long and boring; experimental winners are often aimless.

A filmmaker who enters a competitive festival — student or otherwise — which offers \$5,000 in prize money, public screenings before a large audience, a distinguished jury (headed this year by Maurice Bessy, Director of the Cannes Film Festival), and a tour of winning films in Famous Players Theatres across the country, ought to be prepared for keen, unconditional critical judgement based on nothing but the success of the final product — certainly all the intent in the world is meaningless to those watching the film if it ultimately doesn't work. Yet despite all that grandiose padding around the Canadian Student Film Festival, the irony is the pre-selection and final judging remain, with various exceptions, far from grandiose.



Let there
be films!

NORMAN McLAREN AWARD (Grand Prize) of \$1,000: **Trapper Dan** by Chris Windsor, Simon Fraser University.

ANIMATION CATEGORY:

1ST PRIZE (\$500) — **Revisited**, by Joyce Borenstein, Cal. Arts.
2ND PRIZE (\$300) — **L'Immigrant**, Gilles Pelletier, UQAM.
3RD PRIZE (\$200) — **Tempting of Eve** Neill Warren, Conestoga.

DOCUMENTARY CATEGORY:

1ST PRIZE (\$500) — no film awarded.
2ND PRIZE (\$300) — **Vice Versa**, Peter Bonilla, School of Modern Photography.
3RD PRIZE (\$200) — **Jean Pierre Lefebvre**, Paul Crépeau, Loyola.

SCENARIO CATEGORY:

1ST PRIZE (\$500) — **Fragments**, Frank G. Bushe, Ryerson.
2ND PRIZE (\$300) — **L'Autobus**, Danyèle Patenaude, UQAM.
3RD PRIZE (\$200) — **Hello Friend**, Robin Lee, North York Alt. Stdy. Prgm.

EXPERIMENTAL CATEGORY:

1ST PRIZE (\$500) — **Tales from the Vienna Woods**, Veronika Soul, McGill.
2ND PRIZE (\$300) — **Quebec 5299**, Daniel Louis, Ryerson.
3RD PRIZE (\$200) — **Almost Nothing in this Film is Real**, George Hargrave, Loyola.

PRIX SPECIAUX DU JURY (Honourable Mentions — \$100 each):

Dreams, Jean Pol Passet, UQAM.
Pedestrians, Andrew D. Ruhl, Conestoga.
Living Water, James McIntosh, U. of Manitoba.
These Days, Michael F. Adams, Sir George Williams.
Ordinary People, Bruce Allen, Conestoga.

Trapper Dan, by Chris Windsor, a spoof on silent movie serials, was well-executed by the filmmaker and had wonderful acting. I would have given it a 2nd or 3rd Prize rather than Grand

James Cameron, Veronika Soul, Serge Losique and Maurice Bessy

Prize of the festival. Of all approaches to film creativity I think satirizing other films is the easiest. Consequently, while *Trapper Dan* was entertaining on first viewing, when it was re-screened on award night there was nothing left to look at — and certainly no indication of a personal style or vision for Windsor to further develop and invest his \$1,000 in. *Trapper Dan* is about as memorable as a good episode on the Carol Burnett show. I am not saying art has no room for knee-slapping humour — just look at Robert Nelson's films (*Oh Dem Watermelons*, *Blue Shut*, etc.), for one example. And it's a fallacy to pretend entertainment is not a necessary function of art. There are just different levels of it: TV situation comedies (can you remember one you saw last week?), and the kind lasting as long as the silent movie greats — who had no early film period to satirize. I feel the same way about last year's Grand Prize winner *Ivory Founts*, which was, predictably enough, yet another film scenario satirizing film.

The animation category, which has often been the festival's best overall group, was very weak this year. There was not one traditional drawn animation film among the prize winners. Both *Tempting of Eve* and *L'Immigrant* were object pixillation, the latter being an altered copy of stuff McLaren was doing decades ago — *A Chairy Tale*, to be precise. *Tempting of Eve*, a clay animation so detailed that clay notes come out of the flute Eve plays, was nevertheless unmoving — especially if one has been spoiled with the likes of John Straiton's *Eurynome*, where the effect is a lot more than simply having watched the clay move. I think *Tempting of Eve* is one of those cases where so much time and effort went into it, the jury felt obliged to award the film. This kind of esthetic irresponsibility is doubly unfortunate when you consider some of these pre-selected films meant ousting John Gaug's *July 16*, an innovative and beautiful celebration of the fantastic potential animation holds. The audience wasn't even permitted to see it.

Happily, the First Prize winner in animation, Joyce Borenstein's *Revisited*, was in fact one of the best overall films in the festival. Borenstein studied under Pat O'Neill (7362, *Runs Good*) who along with Jordan Belson, Scott Bartlett, Bruce Baillie, and others, pioneered the Gene Youngblood 'expanded cinema' school of the sixties. The style is one of extreme abstraction, producing primarily sensual responses. I can't buy the intellectual interpretation in Youngblood's book *Expanded Cinema* — which is a pile of rhetorical balderdash — nor am I affected by Belson's own interpretation of his totally abstract images as precise religious symbols. The influence in Joyce Borenstein's work is there, but where she departs from this school is that her symbols have precision, her abstraction is less accidental, and her structure has clarity.

Revisited can be compared to the National Film Board's *Cosmic Zoom* and to the final sequence of *2001: A Space Odyssey*, insofar as the film explores multiple layers of perception. In one sequence, where the camera continually trucks in like the 'corridor' section of *2001* a large egg seemingly suspended in starry space comes closer to reveal inside an hourglass, inside which lies a skeleton — whereupon the camera approaches and goes through an eye-socket in the skull, revealing inside a group of terrifying masks with hollow eyes and mouths. The camera selects an eye-socket and trucks right through it, only to discover another group of masks, whereupon it zooms through a *mouth* this time, inside of which are more masks, and so on. Eventually the camera arrives in a long tunnel, the sides of which separate and begin flapping like the wings of a huge bat. The sensation of flying on the thing remains until it dissolves into a beautifully animated white dove, which flies off into a sky — moonlit — with racing clouds. Borenstein told me she shot the sky live-action, via time-lapse photography, then matted the diminishing animated dove over it. This scene is the most beautiful

marriage of animation and live-action I have ever witnessed. In fact the film, as a whole — if one continues the earlier comparison — is more beautiful than *2001* and possesses a structure more rich and complex than *Cosmic Zoom*, with none of the crude artwork and simplistic scientific purpose.

In the documentary category the jury declared no film was worthy of First Prize, and instead divided the money into five \$100 Honourable Mentions. Three of these went to films deserving of higher awards: *Ordinary People*, by Bruce Allen, *Pedestrians*, by Andrew Ruhl, and *Dreams*, by Jean Pol Passet. It's alarming to consider additional money could not be attained from another sponsor for things like honourable mentions. Because the jury had to destroy one of the First Prizes instead, in accomodating their own indecision, it becomes misleading and plainly false to pretend documentaries weren't good enough this year to warrant a First Prize. Bruce Allen's *Ordinary People* deserved the award hands-down.

Ordinary People a fine cinema-verité study of evangelistic 'Jesus-freaks', had prize statements in it like: "Jesus pulls you into the center of reality", "Dr. Jesus gives heart transplants", and "We consider Canada a Christian country". The film was impeccably constructed with an unforgettable baptism scene at the end, where the cameraman went waist-deep into a lake to film the converts being ducked entirely under water, in slow-motion. In the seemingly endless edited stream of one baptism after the other, the slow-motion and the background music combine to effectively communicate the true joy of the occasion. I can only conclude the reason the jury was indecisive about *Ordinary People* was that perhaps they felt uneasy with the subject matter.

The First Prize winner in the scenario category, *Fragments* by Frank G. Bushe, was about a man who accidentally meets a little girl reminding him of his own daughter who, we learn later, is dead. The conflict surrounds how the man deals with his wife, who still pretends the daughter is alive. This hybrid *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolfe?* was flawed by clichéd dialogue, obtrusively predictable background music and arbitrary intercutting of meaningless and unnecessary symbolism (recurring clocks). Technically, there were moments of obvious dubbing, and also a generally flat and murky black and white print quality — surprising for Ryerson Film Lab, unfortunately given a credit in the film. Despite the odds, the actors did well — especially Leigha Lee Browne, in the role of the mother. Whatever possessed the jury to award the film so highly, it is probably the same reason this kind of stuff is continually awarded television airing. I hope the filmmaker will cultivate a responsibility to improve, not copy, standard television fare — if such a career be his intent.

If I am being harsh, then it is because the jury overlooked some very fine scenario works. One of these films, *Les Poissons Morts* directed by Yves Tessier and edited by Mary Minty, of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts School of Art & Design, showed a truly unique and exciting personal style and vision. The film applies subtle and exquisite surrealistic touches as it takes its protagonist on a symbolic journey in search of fish, only to find a picture of a fish on a postage stamp floating in a rain-barrel. After an endlessly long climb up a winding fire escape, he disappears into the top floor of a warehouse with his 'catch', turns it in to a faceless, terrifying authority behind a cage, who then takes the stamp and angrily pastes it on the protagonist's forehead. The humiliation this creates triggers a gradual and complete loss of identity, until — in madness — he crushes between his hands the very thing he has been shown handling so gently and lovingly — his last and only possession — a pet hamster. It is a very moving emotional scene, and although this act was allegedly not performed in reality, it sure looked convincing enough.

The style in *Les Poissons Morts* makes use of a great deal of hand-held camera work, with beautiful, long travelling shots

that eventually wind up on (or in some cases go past) the protagonist in some stationary position. The editing structures the film in a dream-like and haunting fashion. Yet here was a film, deserving of at least Best Scenario and \$500, not even given an honourable mention. I hope the filmmakers are nevertheless self-inspired enough to overcome their defeat and seek funding for another film production on their own.

I also saw the 2nd and 3rd Prize scenario films as ousting better films like *Les Poissons Morts*. *L'Autobus*, by Danyèle Patenaude, was an unsuccessful treatment of an interesting idea — a man actually eaten-to-death by three vampire witches on a lonely bus trip. The poorly-structured film was at best a 2nd rough-cut in which the filmmakers loved their own, boring photography so much (most of it passing countryside out the bus window), they simply refused to part with any of it. *L'Autobus* remained a film with its entire dramatic structure out of whack — but it had good make up, costumes, and gory special effects. I hope Patenaude will take the \$300 and finish the film; it's a good idea and at least the material is there.

Third Prize winner *Hello Friend* got what I call the token Professional-Looking-for-a-Youth award. The condescension is not my idea. I've taught high school students filmmaking for five summers in a row and seen so many precocious films by 12-17 year-olds they would put many of this year's prize winners to shame. However young Robin Lee was when he made *Hello Friend*, the point is the film has not much more going for it than hard work and an understanding of film story-telling. It's a well-made, innocuous little film about the trials and tribulations of a boy who invests in a muscle-building course — lots of cute laughs, but the really bitter guffaw goes out to the filmmakers whose work showed some accomplishment and depth in the development of style and technique, some profundity of personal statement, and whose merits did not receive due reward. At least Robin Lee — unlike Danyèle Patenaude — knows how to edit the subject he's dealing with, but since he has learned the 'rules' so well (the necessity of which is debatable), it may be difficult for him to embark on the important task of breaking them.

The experimental category — or sometimes the lack of one — has always been a controversy with the Canadian Student Film Festival. Last year there was no experimental category because, according to Dr. Losique, "... the previous jury had discovered that all experimental films are based on scenarios". This buffoonery meant a lot of good films were rejected from competition, and the few that did make it were aimlessly labelled as scenario, documentary, or animation — and then unrewarded because they weren't good examples of that category. Happily, Dr. Losique assures me the experimental category is "here to stay". Now the issue for juries is just what an experimental film is.

Besides being not scenario, not animation, and not documentary, the experimental film displays a certain attitude — it's more in the way filmmakers approach their work. Too often the meaning of the word *experiment* is totally ignored, and in its place some juries will simply compare the work to whatever surface trappings they remember from the few experimental films they have seen. The mode is seen by some to be just so many variations of the split-screen extravaganzas of Expo '67 in Montreal, for example. Views similar to this at once assign preconceived standards for judging new works, when in fact the nature of the experimental is in the constant re-definition of the medium. The false assumption that experimental means filmic acid trips, a notion perpetuated by the worst of television and feature films, is undoubtedly the reason this year's jury awarded Daniel Louis' *Quebec 5299* three hundred dollars. A better candidate would have been *Breakdown* by Joel Singer, of Sir George Williams.

Breakdown was a successful and fascinating experiment in film structure, wherein a 360-degree pan inside a room is

gradually 'broken down' by removing frames from parts of the shot in increasing geometric progression each time the pan comes full turn. The experiment reveals, among other things, how radically the unmanipulated soundtrack — a poetic monologue of memories concerning the room — is affected by the structurally changing visual relationship. Despite the film's mathematical evolution, *Breakdown* is nevertheless a curiously emotional piece of cinema. Unfortunately, it is clear the jury was totally at a loss in confronting this film, as they couldn't even give it an honourable mention.

I agreed with the choice for 3rd Prize in the experimental category, a film entitled *Almost Nothing in this Film is Real* by George Hargrave. Although it was one of those displays of technical wizardry, it left a greater impression than merely having been a part of some mechanical high. Hargrave is a filmmaker with considerable control over his technical prowess. The images he creates are visually precise, original, and often humorous — which is a refreshing combination for this kind of film. In one sequence he inter-cuts W.C. Fields in *The Bank Dick* with footage from a bank's video camera showing a hold-up, which looks disturbingly real — until one reflects back on the title of the film. Even then I found myself wondering if this were the 'real' scene in the film — which gradually gave way to actually worrying about things like: How real is film anyway? ... What's more real, the image on the screen or the film in the projector? When a film forces you to ask such questions, it's working to make a statement on the whole concept of reality — just what, I haven't decided yet.

In another sequence Hargrave shows a wrestling match in which the image suddenly turns to video every time one of the wrestlers hits the canvas. The most memorable film image he creates utilizes a country & western song — "God is Freedom" — over a scene in a misty room one is convinced is shot black and white until the camera pans to reveal a tiny red rose in the center of the room. The camera zooms in to a full shot of the rose — withering via time-lapse photography — while the conclusion of "God is Freedom" turns into a repeating, broken record.

Other experimental films I enjoyed were *Labyrinthe*, by Mary Stephen of Loyola, and *Soluble Fish*, by Collette Malo of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts School of Art & Design.

The 1st Prize winner in the experimental category, *Tales from the Vienna Woods*, by Veronika Soul, was truly remarkable. She won Grand Prize two years ago with *How the Hell Are You?* a film which may yet become a Canadian classic. That Soul has fully developed as an artist is evidenced in the two films, and established even more in the transition between them. There is a continuity of style which she has expanded upon and perfected, and a rich and more complex personal statement, all of which appear to crystallize in the new film. Martin Malina had sufficient insight to recognize Soul's importance when he wrote in the *Montreal Star* after the festival, "... (she) has an extraordinary cinematic imagination, one which ought soon to be directed into a professional career". Although this implied prospect of commercialism is no doubt the highest honor Malina can bestow, I would hesitate to relegate this artist to such a fate, especially when she already considers herself — and rightly so — 'professional' by her own definition. This is not to say I don't wish her many happy commercial returns; I do for every poet, painter, sculptor, and other artist whose work I admire.

Tales from the Vienna Woods is a highly-stylized impression of late nineteenth-century romanticism, and the tangled emotional webs woven around marriages and affairs of the time. Soul based her film on the letters of Sigmund Freud to his wife, and the diaries of some of the Habsburg monarchs. The film communicates a fascinating tension as it reveals the curious Victorian paradox of polite restraint mixed with romantic impulse. One gets the idea this was exemplified often

by intense in-breeding at a sort of moment's notice, and although Freud did not marry his cousin, he and his wife did become engaged on second meeting. Freud then left her for four years to study in Vienna and in France, seeing her only occasionally, but he tried to make up for it by writing her almost a letter a day. Consequently some of the letters, exquisitely narrated in the film, are hilariously petty and self-conscious. But the greatest impression they leave is the way he felt compelled to alter his language, as if to a child. At one point the narration goes, "Becoming an analyst is so complicated, so many questions..."

In an interview with the filmmaker she told me, "I was incensed by Freud's letters to the 'dull' woman he felt he had to entertain with little jokes". But she went on to say this was customary for the time, and had Freud acted differently he would not have been considered a gentleman.

At one point in the film the narration relates how pleased Freud was with his "little Trojan" when she 'proved herself' not only by giving birth, but by apologizing in the right order of protocol for having screamed when forceps were used to force the birth Freud wanted for a Sunday. The brilliance of Soul's image-sound contrapuntal style is typified by this scene, for mixed with the narration is a Bavarian brass band and a delightfully animated still photograph of them giving a concert — because, says Soul, Freud "likened the birth to a performance: applauded if it works, scolded by the critics if it doesn't".

Tales from the Vienna Woods has such an abundance of rich and complex imagery and beautiful visual effects, that even after three viewings it still promises further discoveries. All the effects were done in the camera via multiple slide projections, and then "edited frantically" according to Soul, which probably accounts for the particular creative spontaneity that is becoming a trademark of her work. She says she wants to break away from traditional animation; certainly it is a break-through when you consider her approach is really a documentary one. Curiously, the names of Freud, King Ludwig, the Emperor Franz Joseph and his wife Elizabeth, are not mentioned in the film, nor are there any pictures of them. Instead there are pictures of Veronika Soul's relatives. Her grandmother, as it turns out, lived in that part of Europe central to the film, and the filmmaker confessed to me that her motivation lay partially in discovering her own origins.

The fact that *Tales from the Vienna Woods* successfully marries techniques of documentary, scenario, experimental, and animation, suggests one reason it may have been an interesting candidate for Grand Prize. For all the arguing the Festival causes with regard to how 'documentary' is a documentary entry, or how 'experimental', etc., Veronika Soul's films prove just how silly and irrelevant all this categorizing is.



Many well-known festivals have no categories at all, and instead allot monetary prizes in pre-determined amounts to what the judges simply consider good films. On the other hand — categories or no — any pre-determined prize still requires the jury to come to a consensus, when often their personal choices differ considerably. I don't know

what happened with this year's jury at the Canadian Student Film Festival, but I will compare the resolution of this problem to the Ohio University International Film Festival jury recently. They came to a consensus by tallying votes, which this year happened to have the unfortunate result that the lowest common denominators won (they had all thought of the same films personally for honourable mentions), and the personal choices for the larger prizes went out the window. I don't see why jury members should have to negotiate; surely the reason someone is appointed to a jury is that their personal opinion is respected.

If Dr. Losique is interested in attracting more support, especially from filmmakers who boycott festivals because they feel they are unfair, he should learn a few tips from the Ann Arbor Film Festival, which has entries approaching 400. The only answer to the problem is, in fact, a variation of Ann Arbor: firstly, do away with all categories and pre-determined prizes of any kind, and secondly, give each jury member an equal amount of money — say \$1,000 — to do with as they see fit. This might mean, for example, one juror could award ten films \$100 each, while another could award one the entire \$1,000.

All this renovating is fruitless, however, unless the pre-selection methods are radically improved, or else the whole idea of pre-selection abandoned. For all its flaws in final judging, the Ohio festival managed to publicly screen every one of the over 100 films entered. I see no reason why the mere 73 films entered in this year's Canadian Student Film Festival couldn't all have found a time slot in the Sir George auditorium — and if not there, then somewhere else. It may be a little more trouble for the Conservatory in some ways, but in the long run it would mean a lot less trouble than the time it must take to organize pre-selection.

I would also suggest the Conservatory widely publicize the possibility of arrangements for groups of students from other colleges to attend the Festival. For the last two years I have brought 40-50 Sheridan College students with me and can recommend to other film teachers the immense educational value the week in Montreal holds in store.

Other ways of improving the Festival were suggested by James W. Cameron, Public Relations director for Famous Players, the same organization which this year withdrew \$5,000 of their support. Mr. Cameron told me his company's concern is to "put the money where it will do the most good", but he is not sure festival awards are it. While Famous Players does intend to maintain most of the awards as they stand now, Mr. Cameron said he was taking a hard look at the four \$200 prizes to see if it wouldn't be better to bring in the winning filmmakers for award night, or expand it with more publicity. "I think it is a great pity a winner in Vancouver does not have the opportunity to be present at Sir George and receive his just and well-earned accolades in front of his peers", Mr. Cameron declared. "We're discussing plans for re-arranging our budget to include air fare".

It's too bad the Famous Players publicity budget is so restricted that these plans necessitate another cut in prize money. I fail to see how the company would be putting the money where it would do the most good — at least for the filmmakers. The silly show-biz flare of parachuting the winners in on award night is most certainly a shallow and suspect way to improve a film festival — especially at the expense of some of the cash awards.

Still, Famous Players is to be applauded for its support thus far — which includes screening the winning films for free in Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary, Winnipeg, Ottawa, and Halifax. The company donates the theatre and pays for the advertising. I hope a good many people get a chance to see some of the fine winning films that are in the tour, if and when the programme is 'playing at a theatre near you'. The tour will start in Vancouver before the end of the year.

With Famous Players support becoming more tenuous however, Dr. Losique is well advised to continue his pursuit for funding from the Canadian Film Development Corporation. I think the Canadian Student Film Festival is a perfect vehicle for C.F.D.C. investment — and an investment it is. What's at stake in this festival (which is why I harp about its organization) is a good chunk of this country's next generation of filmmakers. It's a generation which may find themselves in the position to make or break the nationalism of an industry and art form finally on the brink of autonomy. This is the connection Martin Malina fails to grasp in his flippant lumping of the Canadian student filmmaker into the same implicit category as the week-end film buff and hobbyist. It is fortunate this national event is directed by a man whose insight is at least positive. In Dr. Losique's own words: "I've discovered now that more students are professional than many so-called professionals, and I will never call it an amateur festival — that's foolish". □

cinema canada

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STRATFORD

Natalie Edwards

TAKE II

Part I covered some dozen films shown in the first three and a half days of the Festival. Here continues the notes written in one mad 13-hour spurt the Monday following the Festival covering the remaining two dozen films.

Tuesday, September 17. We see *The Eagle*, starring Rudolph Valentino instead of Griffith's *Drums of Love*. It is a very funny film. (Unintentionally)

HOLLYWOOD'S MUSICAL MOODS, USA, 1974, Dir. Christian Blackwood, 40 min.

This is an excellent, informative and entertaining documentary on film music, how, and why, and wherefore it is made. Another compulsory item for film schools.

COMPANY LIMITED, India, 1972, Dir. Satyajit Ray, 112

Sharmila Tagore has just about the loveliest most sensitive and intelligent face in the world. Here she plays the visiting sister-in-law of an enterprising young executive on his way up in a British-owned company which makes fans. The symbols are discreet and perfectly filmic without being over-obvious. The acting is fine, decor dead on. I find nothing but pleasure in this extremely subtle, simple work. Yet afterwards, Sami Gupta says, "Oh yes, very nice" with such a resigned look. "Very safe, very old fashioned, gentle, inoffensive . . . great craftsmanship." And I see that my reaction might be quite different were I East Indian.

1789, France, 1974, Dir. Ariane Mnouchkine, 150 min.

Just couldn't hang in for the whole of this massive noisy treatment of the events and circumstances leading to the French Revolution, as interpreted by a group of energetic, heavily made up actors, springing from stage to stage in an interesting theatrical production by the Theatre de la Soleil.

French improvisational theatre is fascinating. I'll see more of it in the Rivette film *Out 1: Spectre*. Also the improvisational work of George Luscombe's long lasting Toronto Workshop Productions, with *Hey Rube!* in both rehearsal and performance, intercut with exaggerated close-ups of George as he is interviewed, is part of the POCA films shown Wednesday. It is not well done and I am sorry, because George's work was splendid and alone for many years and this doesn't do it justice. It is also poor to watch. Blush.

Other POCA films weren't much better, and certainly not up to the quality I expect and hope for. *Pedestrians* by Andrew Ruhl worked a simple idea to death, and Peter Starr's *Hill Climb* needed severe cutting and something more to say. Come on Conestoga College, you can do better!

Peter Mellen made *Life Force* about artist Jack Chambers and his work. This is hard to discuss; I am highly critical of

films about artists — so many are really awful. I can see what Mellen is trying, I think. He wishes to adapt the style of the film to the styles of various periods in Chambers' life, and to create continuity through his life-force symbol of Chambers' running. This explains the gory red things that appear in flashes from time to time, and other peculiarities, but I'm afraid for me it doesn't quite work. To those unfamiliar with Chambers' work it is informative and accurate, and it is certainly a genuine and interesting attempt to do the impossible — sum up a man's life and philosophy and work, in one short film.

LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS, USA, 1929, Dir. D.W. Griffith, 80 min, b/w, silent.

Delightful film, and Horace Lapp, you old devil, you played so romantically at the end you made me cry!

THE BITTER TEARS OF PETRA VON KANT, W. Germany, 1972, R.W. Fassbinder, 114 min.

No festival is complete without some highly styled elegance, and Fassbinder's study of the power plays of love is created entirely in Art Nouveau (Jugendstil), glittering with the luxury of overstatement, loaded with symbolic relationships, and as powerfully attractive as its heroine. Colors are magnificent; movements are as controlled as ballet; tableau illustrating relationships are as precise and fascinating as magic realism (and rather like), so that finally the mundane truths of power and possession, of lack of freedom destroying love as love destroys freedom, and of the surfaces under which all of this is normally hidden are coated and gilded and mirrored and displayed like jewels.

He does this by removing all males, with their automatic assumption of deserved power, and developing his ideas with an entirely female cast. This naturally requires that the love become lesbian, and since the women are verbal and emotional, makes their relationships most revealing.

THE DAYS OF BETRAYAL, Czech., 1973, Dir. Otakar Vavra, 190 min., Color.

For the seventh film in one day you might think a nearly three hour documentary almost entirely dealing with negotiations between politicians might stop me. But I had no trouble staying alive and alert through this fascinating interpretation of the events preceding Hitler's annexation of the Sudetan-land.

Interesting how everyone is suddenly writing history on film these days, all these years after Lenin realized film's power for creating history.

This Czech construction was periodically weakened by some romantic or sad music, and almost destroyed at the end of Part I by a stupendous crowd of pro-USSR adherents swarming the street to what seemed to be the massive choral

splendor of the whole Red Army Chorus and Orchestra. But generally it was absolutely enthralling with its few small inserts of dramatic individual horror used rather like illustrations to remind us that what the politicians were talking about was war.

I found the interpretations of Chamberlain *et al* remarkably fair, but noted (what else could one expect) that the USSR came out rather better than it might had the film not stopped abruptly and appropriately during 1938.

THE LOCKED DOOR, USA, 1929, Dir. George Fitzmaurice, 75 min., Sound, b/w.

Rod La Rocque and William Boyd and Barbara Stanwyck were uniformly deplorable in this absurd early melodrama. ZaSu Pitts was swell.

LA GUEULE OUVERTE, France, 1974, Dir. Maurice Pialat, 82 min., Careful color.

Well, here it is. An absolutely exhilarating film. A film so fine I felt purged, sensitized. Walked for hours; flowed with energy.

Title is translated as **Mouth Agape**, but surely **La Gueule Ouverte** is an idiom that must suggest something like jaws of death as well as hunger or lust? Tell me if you know.

Warm interior colors, golds, ochres, fawns, ecru and yellow, give a nervous yet mellow warmth to all the interior scenes, while cold greys and clinical blues open and close the film. The relationships in a family are explored between the time in which the Mother's cancer is discovered, and her eventual disintegration into death.

The style is naturalistic, and so perfectly created are the lives and places of the film, that at one point when the bereaved father, (exquisitely played by Hubert Deschamps), went into the kitchen to fix something to eat, I felt I had somehow entered their home and was secretly watching.

I am not particularly afraid of death, but, like most people, I am afraid of the process of dying. Worse yet is to watch someone you love die, leaving you and their connections with your life, in little ways, bit by bit.

The film did not make me cry or suffer; it worked in a true dramatic sense as a purge, drawing hidden fears and pains out of me, and releasing them. I am very much impressed with Pialat's direction, and would like to see **Naked Childhood** and **We Will Not Grow Old Together** also. He has tackled an extremely difficult subject with care and sensitivity, making something universal out of an individual story, and generating a full feeling of pity and love for us all.

I'm finding Thursday the 19th of September a long and tiring day. At 7 p.m. the amusingly conceived little pixillated cartoon **Pipeline Patrol** goes on too long (8 minutes) despite some bright gags.

SWALLOWS AND AMAZONS, Britain, 1974, Dir. Claude Whatham, 92 min., Full color.

Great movie for children whose parents take them to the movies and who like reading books like Ransome's. For those kids who go to the flicks with their friends from 10 to 11 on, the film might generate mocking with-it laughter to cover the huge embarrassment of seeing a 13 year old girl playing pirate. There *ought* to be an audience somewhere; educational TV perhaps?

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE UNDERNEATH, Britain, 1972, Dir. Jane Arden, 133 min., Colour, b/w.

Out 1: Spectre didn't make it across the Atlantic in time, so we are given an unusual and decidedly uncommercial alternate, just 133 minutes long, instead of the expected 255 minutes for Rivette's film.

This is a woman's film. Did I ask? I got.

Every move is extended in time excruciatingly. Voices screech. Makeup is wild. The movie is madness itself, and it occurs to me that Jane Arden is making it as a kind of therapy to cleanse herself of this massive pain. Could it be deliberately

long to create suffering in those who watch, or because the filmmaker has suffered so much herself that she feels whatever she does cannot possibly be enough to express it all.

You can see that I don't find it successful as a film. But so what. It's good she made it, and I'm glad I saw it. There's enough material for about 14 films and approaches here. But since they'd all be interpretations of the loss of identity for a female, her roles, her agonies, they might as well all be in one massive exploding whole.

TONIGHT OR NEVER, USA, 1931, Dir. Mervyn LeRoy, 76 min., Sound, b/w.

The screenplay by Ernest Vajda from a play by Lili Harvany is just a joy. Gregg Toland's photography, Alfred Newman's music, excerpts from Tosca, and Gloria Swanson with Melvyn Douglas — what more could anyone want? Boris Karloff as a butler? That too! Great.

THE OFFICE PICNIC, Australia, 1973, Dir. Tom Cowan, 80 min.

Director Cowan, formerly a leading cameraman, opens the film with scenes of a civil service office, where so little happens you must watch for every nuance. This is interrupted by a lecturer who asks you if you have noticed anything, and then the office life resumes. It's as if we'd been introduced to the characters and now they came to life. So little does seem to happen and in such a natural way, that we are ill prepared for the perfectly normal though surprising occurrence that eventually creates a climax. An interesting and impressive first feature.

THE PISTOL, Sweden, 1973, Dir. Jiri Tirl, 84 min., Deep rich color.

Another photographer makes a directorial debut. This is a safe and elegant set-piece, a splendid vehicle for the talents of Swedish star Ingo Tjebk, who plays an ageing aristocratic lady who determines to shoot herself with an historical antique family pistol. Inga, the castle and the photography are fine, but the direction, to me, seems only fair.

ANKUR (The Seedling), India, 1974, Dir. Shyam Benegal, 110 min., Good color.

Though this is a tale of the mistreatment of others by a young man wealthier than he is wise, and of how he sows the seeds of hate and sorrow, it is also a strong comment on the appalling treatment of women as less than beings in parts of India.

Benegal offers his story simply and with attention to detail, drawing it out leisurely but maintaining interest with the unusual environment and good visuals.

THE SECOND COMING OF SUZANNE, USA, 1974, Dir. Michael Barry, 90 min., color.

Michael Barry and Frank Mazzola really believe in and love this film they made and call **A Surreal American Fantasy Inspired by Leonard Cohen's song/poem Suzanne**. They took it to Atlanta where it won some awards, and then they brought it to Stratford, hoping Roger Corman would see it here and love it too. Now they are trailing off somewhere else with it. I wish them luck.

Christ told us we must love ourselves. But this can go too far. This film, so splendidly photographed by Isidore Mankofsky, is like a gorgeous therapeutic centre-fold display of all the daydreams and diversions of some egocentric persons who were very high up on something which I suspect not to have been coca-cola.

The thing that bothered David Beard the next morning when the perpetrators were defending themselves during **Eleven**, was that \$800,000 was spent on it. First they said that everyone got paid, then that all payments were deferred, and no one was paid, then that everyone worked for love, and finally that the actors got half-scale. I felt a little confused but I didn't say anything because I noticed that Barry and Mazzola did not take kindly to criticism. I went to watching Rivette's

Out film, which began around 9 a.m. instead.

OUT 1: Spectre France, 1972. Dir., Jacques Rivette, 255 min.

The film started without titles. I watched in wonder as scenes were exposed, sequences interrupted, continuity denied, until finally despite the apparent plot about the Thirteen and the multiple questions raised (Where is Igor? Does Emilie want to get rid of him?) I gradually became less and less concerned about understanding the intricacies of a story line, and more and more involved with the people in their totally natural conversations. (There was no screenplay, everything was improvised.)

At this point, titles appeared. Sunchild Production.

Out 1:

Spectre

Paris and its Double Time

April or May 1970

Meaning:

I was particularly pleased with the word "Meaning" and as the scenes now showed people in previous action, I got interested in the plot again. Bless me if there wasn't Eric Rohmer explaining about Balzac and how the secret Treize turn up in three novels etc. The people in the improvisational theatre doing Prometheus, and the people improvising the story of the Thirteen and the whole improvisational film itself were providing not just the puzzles of plot alone but the question of continuity and comprehension also. I was quite fascinated and could have spent all day (it originally was 12 hours and 40 minutes long) watching it unfold.

Imagine my surprise then, when at the end Peter Harcourt* spoke out from the audience saying that was not how he saw it in Paris. Titles and credits were at the front then. Some reels must be out of order.

PFFFT. So I must resign myself to its purpose as an exploration of the nature of persons in direct cinema as compared to planned cinema, and the fine lines between acting and life, and forget all about the jolly idea of a complete jumble to test your abilities to be interested in people without any reason or purpose to what you watch.

25 FIREMAN'S STREET, Hungary, 1973. Dir. István Szabo, 97 min., Color.

The wrecking ball smashes memories and periods of time with brutal force all over the world, and everywhere there are artists trying desperately to capture something of the places and their histories, before everything is lost.

This film, beautifully photographed (as always) by Sándor Sára and written by director Szabo, attempts to capture the years preceding and during the German and then the Soviet occupation, as they were known to the inhabitants of one old building on Fireman's Street. It also implies hope that the nightmares of the past may die with the old building.

The transitions between reality and dreams are hard to distinguish among the large cast, and the film becomes confusing and formless, though never dull or inept. Film only *seems* a great way to portray dreams; it seldom really works.

AMARCORD, Italy, 1974, Dir. Federico Fellini, 127 minutes, Lots of color.

To begin with I really do not enjoy breast-and-buttocks-humor. The audience did and I listened to their happy laughter at boobs and bums, hysterical parental fights, school-boy escapades and grandpa's farts, rather sorry not to join in. I enjoyed instead the smooth familiar techniques: the scenes and sequences gliding past caressed by Nino Rota's score, glowing with Rotunno's expert colors and compositions. The melodies, the actors, like the characters and their stories were all pure vintage Fellini, 1974.

Evoking the past in Rimini (built for the occasion at Cinecittà) Fellini entertains with anecdote and caricature, occasionally centering on a big-boy figure, a rather beefy Teutonic youth who presumably represents something of himself, and unfortunately attracts little love or interest. The

*Six European Directors just published by Penguin.



Scene from Fellini's *Amarcord*

film seems short on understanding and compassion.

In fact, it ought to be a big popular success: it's crude, colorful and nostalgic, and very well made. And Roger Corman's New World Films is distributing it here.

I missed the two afternoon films while interviewing Corman, regretting most the 1936 *One Rainy Afternoon* with Francis Lederer and Ida Lupino, which friends said was delightful. The second, *My Ain Folk*, was a continuation of the misery of Bill Douglas, shown last year in *My Childhood*, a Dickensian display of the meanness and cruelty and ugly depression of poverty in Scotland, shown with little alleviating humor, though great sensitivity. According to Milly Hall, this second film in the projected trilogy was just as bleak and

Stephen Archibald in *My Ain Folk*



uncompromising as the first childhood remembrance, and it would indeed have been interesting to have seen it on the same day as *Amarcord*, with its lush, colorful, superficial and festive atmosphere.

Roger Corman talked about his four year old production and distribution company, New World Films and of the various movies he's handled and how they've done. He struck me as a frank, bright, open inventive man, whose description of some of the creative types he's inspired or helped as "unthreatened" applied equally to himself. Talking about Bergman's *Cries and Whispers*, he mentioned that he'd actually shown it in some drive-ins, and it had done well.

BIG BAD MAMA, USA, 1974?, Dir. Steve Farber for Roger Corman and New World Film. Cost: approx. \$350,000. Present gross: over one million.

Corman was ready and eager to defend his film at Eleveses the next day, only no one attacked it. Everybody just asked about "the business" of films instead. Maybe not that many people had stayed up for the midnight Saturday show. Starting around 9 a.m. with the Rivette did make it a rather long day.

The film, like comic books, which it resembles, is sociologically interesting and quite probably in years to come some of the most complete statements on the American psyche will be found in masscult entertainment. "Car races and car crashes are a very significant part of the collective consciousness." (Corman)

Big Bad Mama also has a zesty opportunistic appeal that is so blatant it is almost winning. Feminine leads, women using men, beautiful old cars, endless races and crack-ups, machine gun rat-tatting enough to satisfy a nine year old, and everything and everyone disposable. How can Corman's company miss?

Sunday, September 22, 1974: the last day of the Festival. I call my family to tell them I'll write all day Monday and hope to return Tuesday, and they all sound like they are having such a good time with me away, that instead of feeling relieved, I feel unaccountably depressed.

Interview Paul Mazursky, who says he has been accused of being sentimental, but looking straight at me states defensively, "I like feelings." It really is a pity to be living at a time when sentimentality is considered worse than brutality. He speaks of himself as a smart Jewish kid from Brooklyn whom some Hollywood types resented. I wonder if it's just this Brooklyn-based "foreign-ness" which permits him to see and satirize Californian life so well.

After the interview I catch part of Mamoulian's 1936 *The Gay Desperado*, which is obviously delightful, followed by *Uncle Vanya*, a replacement for the scheduled Karasik *The Seagull*, from Russia.

Walking back to my digs along Ontario Street the cars pass, honk. Friends wave from the windows. They're pulling out now. It's almost all over. Just *Harry and Tonto* tonight and the 10th Festival is finished.

I feel fairly wiped. Glad Gerald and Clive selected something relatively light for tonight. Watching the Russian *Uncle Vanya* just now I realized I was not giving it my best. Sergei Bondarchuk gave a fine portrayal. The added background information about the crop failures of 1891-2 added a jarring note; I wondered if Konchalovsky had been encouraged to do something to make Chekhov more related to his time, and the final high aerial shot of Russia seemed to corroborate this. Odd business too, switching in and out of sepia to black and white to fullscale but muted color. Spent too long trying to decide if these sequences coincided with material used directly from the play. And after all, have the same complaint: filming a play never really works. Lines, performance and staging should direct the audience's attention, and instead the camera singles out those the director has decided should be watched. Based on empathy, the play inevitably loses its life force when captured on film, and remains best cherished for historical and educational value.

HARRY AND TONTO, USA, 1974, Dir. Paul Mazursky, 115 min., Color.

Dilys Powell observed during one of our eleven o'clock coffee hours, that she found the chain of American road-movies one of the most exciting current developments in film. Movies like *Two Lane Blacktop*, *Electra Glide in Blue*, *Easy Rider*, *Dual* and *Steelyard Blues* seemed to her to be humane, touching and unbelligerently anti-authoritarian. I wonder if *Harry and Tonto* could just slip in under the wire as a road-movie at a somewhat slower pace?

At any rate, it excels in Mazursky's Pinteresque ear for reflecting dialogue, his cheerful ironies, his narrow escapes from sentimentality, his colorful road-movie type USA locations, distinctive characters and his daring subject matter. Stories of old men and their cats are not made often any more, if they ever were.

This week I've seen age handled with dignity and finality by the Swedes in *The Pistol*, and with happy resignation in *The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir*. I've seen death met with poetry and drama in the Polish *The Birchwood*, and with touching realism in *La Gueule Ouverte*.

Now Mazursky presents an American approach to age, and though it isn't particularly dignified, or dramatic, or poetic or even especially realistic, it does reflect the way many North Americans would like it to be.

Art Carney's sprightly likeable loner will get along. Neither cats, nor family nor life itself can last forever, but all can be loved and enjoyed while we have them, he seems to say. And through his tolerant self-sufficient gaze we view an America that's pretty freaky, but endurable.

Full of Mazursky's particular talent for displaying the bizarre, far-fetched and highly improbable as realistic, *Harry and Tonto* gently satirizes contemporary fads in its helter-skelter style, while basically providing audiences deep into depression and violence, with an optimistic little movie of survival.

Art Carney as he appeared in Harry and Tonto



Finishing this copy, I might leak the conversation a group of us had at dinner one day. Discussing attendance, some were convinced that more than 200 people would purchase week-long memberships if awards were given.

"Well," mumbled Clive (Denton) wickedly, "I was thinking of the Silver Swan. . ."

Perfect. Fantastic. We all agreed.

"And how about The Cygnet for new talent," I cried, forgetting myself and punning, "You could give a Cygnet Ring."

Or an Ugly Duckling Award, added someone.

And David Beard, everyone agreed, would be delighted surely to give the Great White Albatross to the worst possible offender.

Should these things come to pass, just remember you read it first in *Cinema Canada*!

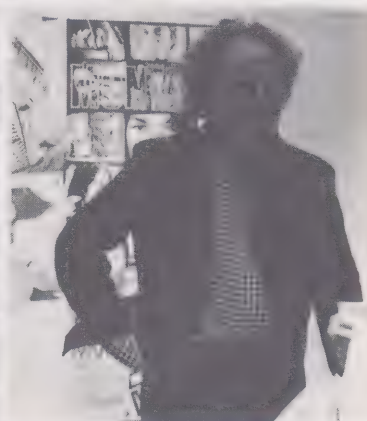
Finally folks, try to make it next year. One of the great things about the Festival is meeting other film people, exchanging news and ideas. And we really lacked Westerners and Maritimers and of course, Québécois. Go for Home Accommodation and a week's membership, get a grant or loan and come on out. You'll like it. □

Correction and apologies re: Stratford Part I

Murray Sweigman of *International Telefilm* was incorrectly identified as Maurice Whitman (say them quickly and you'll see why) and Leo Dratfield has no 'p' in his name. Readers might be interested to know that the entire 10 to 11 thousand word Stratford copy was written the day after the Festival in thirteen hours to meet an already delayed deadline. Need more be said?

STRATFORD SCENES:

1. Mary Leslie of Stratford, the lovely lady whose home the writer lived in during the Festival under the "Home Accomodation" plan.
2. Sam Gupta
3. Betty Jane Wylie with Clive Denton
4. The "Canadian Day" picnic on the island



5. Jean-Claude Lord and Robin Spry during Elevenses
6. David Beard
7. Charles Hoffman — magnificent piano accompanist for the "silents"
8. Dylis Powell with Gerald Pratley
9. Enraptured listeners during Elevenses

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CRTC – Canadian Content in Commercials

The Council submitted a brief and appeared before the Canadian Radio-Television Commission in Ottawa on October 9, 1974 on the subject of the proposed CRTC regulations covering Canadian content in commercials broadcast on Canadian radio and television stations.

In its brief the CCFM urged the CRTC "to institute a complete 100% Canadian content regulation for all television advertising. This means all commercials should be produced by Canadians in Canada if possible. American ads beamed to Canada on American stations should be cut out by cable substitution. Advertising directed at Canadians through American media should not be allowed a tax deduction."

In our oral presentation we stressed the need for a move to one hundred percent Canadian commercials, with exceptions where commonsense suggests that may be necessary, as soon as practical.

Meeting with CFDC

Gratien Gélinas, Michael Spencer and Ted Rouse of the Canadian Film Development Corporation were guests at a meeting of the CCFM Executive on October 10. The discussion covered a wide range of topics related to the activities of the CFDC and feature films.

Some time was spent on the problem of scripts, and script development. The CFDC was anxious to get the views of the CCFM on practical ways in which the Council felt scripts could be developed. In subsequent talks with the CFDC we have suggested that an immediate program be instituted to 1) finance the writing of screenplays; 2)



Michael Spencer

finance the purchase of options and rights on Canadian story materials of all kinds; and 3) ensure that screenplays that are prepared under such a program are made available to potential producers. Such a program should be flexible, so that work could be initiated by a producer, a writer, a director, or any combination of these. The program should also require the highest professional qualifications on the part of writers, directors and producers, and not be used as a training scheme.

The meeting also discussed short films, films for television, the question of whether one of the more practical ideas to help the feature film business is not some form of levy on current box office grosses, and the possibility of developing a publicly funded feature film program.

A further meeting of the Council and the officers of the CFDC is planned.

Conference

The CCFM plans to hold a national Conference on Canadian Film in March 1975. The main purpose of the Conference will be to publicly debate and hopefully arrive at some consensus on propositions for the solution of the Canadian film industry's many problems.

The meeting will bring together the heads of the major government agencies – the NFB, CFDC, CBC – representatives of the Secretary of State and of the provincial governments, distributors, exhibitors, technicians, and film makers of all kinds. It is hoped it will be held at Niagara on the Lake, to be co-sponsored by and using the facilities of The Shaw Festival, who would also mount a Canadian Film Festival.

Among the topics proposed for debate are:

- 1) What kind of film industry do we want? A look at philosophy and policy, markets, and funding.
- 2) The policies of the Federal Government. Items falling under this head include increased incentives to production, the proposed levy on the box office grosses, the control of exhibition and distribution.
- 3) Policies of the provincial governments: quotas; censorship; taxation; the Canadian ownership of theatres.
- 4) The Canadian Film Development Corporation. A new mandate? Its role in television, in publicly funded films in distribution and promotion, and in script development.
- 5) The National Film Board. Its future role, and possible reorganization.
- 6) Television. Its responsibility to Canadian film.

We will have full details as soon as possible. Keep it in mind and definitely plan to attend! □

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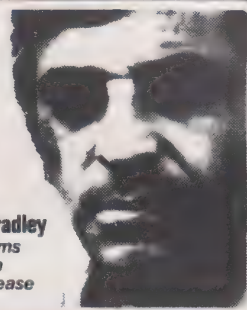
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The CFE Award for excellence in film editing

—Eric Wrate cfe

This is the first year that the CFEG will be giving a piece of sculpture as an award for excellence in film editing. The award was designed by Maryon Kantaroff, a sculptor with a very impressive background. The piece to be given is an abstract design, in bronze, and mounted on a small marble base. It is a superb piece, that will be a pleasure to look at and an honour to own. There will be six only presented this year. Films that receive this award will be of the highest merit.

Kodak Canada Ltd. gave us the financial assistance to develop our own design, for which we again thank them.

The film industry has given a great show of support, and the following companies have each sponsored the award shown against their names:

Bellevue-Pathé Ltd. Drama Category.
Kodak Canada Ltd.

Documentary Category.
Quinn Laboratories Ltd. &
Mirrophonic Sound Services

Industrial &
Sales Promotion Category.
Alex L. Clark Ltd.

Educational Category.
Soundmix Ltd.

Sound Editing Category.
Kingsway Film Equipment Ltd.

Commercials Category.

Support has also come from many other companies, who have offered their various support in other directions, and for future additions, and for this we would like to thank MacKenzie Equipment Ltd. Medallion Film Laboratories Ltd. MS Art Services Ltd. Film Opticals (who greatly assisted with one of the designs, which was developed). I'm almost frightened to mention names in case I forget somebody, because there has been so much help given.

The Committee for the Editing Awards have been working hard, enlisting the talented judgement of some of the most outstanding people in the Canadian Film Industry and we thank both the Committee and the Judges for their valuable time.

The finalist Judges are:

Feature — Drama category

Julian Roffman
Producer, presently working at the C.B.C.
Tadeusz Jaworski
Director.
Grahame Woods, CSC
Writer, Director and Cinematographer.

Documentary category

Fletcher Markle
C.B.C. Producer.
Dave Tribe
C.T.V. Production Manager.
Allen Guest
Ind. Producer, Rainbow Film Corporation Ltd.

Sales Promotion & Industrial category

Don Crawley
Manager, McGraw-Hill Films. Distribution.
Robin Chetwynd
V.P. Chetwynd Films Ltd.
Naohiko Kurita
Freelance — Cinematographer.

Sound Editing category

Clarke DaPrato
Mixer, Film House.
Joe Grimaldi
Mixer, Bellevue-Pathé Ltd.
Bill O'Neill
Mixer, Mirrophonic Sound Services Ltd.

Educational category

Gerry Potterton
Producer-Director, Potterton Films Ltd.
James Murray
C.B.C. Producer, Arts & Sciences.
Grant McLean
Formerly head of National Film Board.

Commercials category

John Bilney
Rose-Magwood Productions Ltd.
Graham Parker
Director.
Brian Linehan
Broadcaster.

In July this year while attending a meeting of the Guild's Montreal Chapter, George Appleby cfe discussed the possibility of the CFE establishing film

editing standards on a national level. His remarks attracted the attention of Robert Desrosiers, Corporate Supervisor Film Production CBC, who subsequently contacted the CFE National Executive and offered his assistance.

This month the Guild's President, Kit Hood cfe, and First Vice President, Phil Auguste cfe, met with Mr. Desrosiers and discussed the feasibility of both organizations co-operating fully in this project.

The results of their discussion are outlined in the following letter from Mr. Desrosiers.

Mr. Kit Hood c.f.e.,
President,
Canadian Film Editors Guild

Dear Kit:

Our Thursday meeting of last week was very rewarding. Both of our organizations will join forces in trying to establish editing practices on a national basis.

As discussed, the first phase will be to recommend a practice on the utilization of leaders. Gathering of information on present usage of leaders will be divided between our two organizations, with CBC looking within its own operation, NFB and laboratories in Canada. The Guild will look into the private sector; OECA and other similar groups.

We already have available SMPTE and ACL (Association of Cinema Laboratories) recommended practices.

With this as a starting point, we should be able to set our next meeting in Toronto during the SMPTE Conference, Nov. 10-15, 1974.

Sincerely,
Robert B. Desrosiers,
Corporate Supervisor,
Film Production,
Corporate Film Office.

The CFE is pleased to announce the appointment of Alan Avrith cfe, as Regional Director of the Canadian Film Editors Guild's Eastern Region.

Alan's work on behalf of the Guild has already started to have its effect and has gained some new faces from the Montreal editing fraternity.

Also, he is hoping to duplicate John Watson's success with our clearing-house, so if any Montreal editors want to know about available work — or Producers who have jobs to offer — contact Alan at: (514) 845-2402.

Clearinghouse Report

—John Watson *cfe*

I believe I can honestly claim that the Clearinghouse has been a great success. It hasn't yet reached its full potential, but a large number of people have found temporary or full-time employment through it, and I can claim 100 per cent success record with employers who have usually had three or four top-class applicants after calling the Clearinghouse. If everyone would help spread the word to producers, directors and editors that this service does exist and does work, I would be able to help more of the out-of-workers who have listed with me.

I hope that those who have not got work from the Clearinghouse have still benefited from some advice and encouragement, and will accept that I am doing my best on their behalf. I would again urge them to keep in touch with me and not to be shy of phoning me regularly (at least once a week, even if only to leave a message. "Tell John I called. I'm still looking for work." I am naturally going to give preference to those who seem the most enthusiastic (or the most desperate!)

Perhaps some of those who have benefited from the Clearinghouse would be kind enough to write with their comments, so that it doesn't sound as though I'm making wild, unjustified claims. I would also naturally welcome some positive criticism too, and suggestions on how to improve the service.

There have been times when the service has been keeping me much busier than I would like which is a good sign and another positive sign is that many editors have said that I have saved them a lot of time through their being able to refer applicants to me.

I hope that the members agree that the Clearinghouse is one of many positive things that the Guild is doing.

As the CFE representative on the Canadian Council of Film Makers, I have been to three executive meetings and have been very impressed by the organization. Their only problem (and this is a problem shared by many organizations of its type) has been one of communicating with its members.

But I was very pleasantly surprised by the ability of an executive, which consists of people from very diverse parts of the industry, to make important decisions, and to act on them quickly and efficiently. The CCFM now appears to be the official voice of the independent Canadian film industry, as far as the Government is concerned, at a time when major reorganizations are being considered and planned in the Secretary of State's Department, in the CFDC, in the NFB, and even in the CBC. Representatives of each of these bodies have been in constant communication with members of the CCFM executive; Don MacPherson of CBC and Michael Spencer of CFDC have been to CCFM executive meetings, and Sydney Newman of NFB is expected. A major conference is planned for early next year at which independent film makers and technicians will be able to meet "the big boys" in both federal and provincial film politics. The details are still being ironed out.

How does this all affect the CFE? I have suggested to the CFE executive that we submit a brief to the CCFM (and the CCFM will welcome it) outlining the things that we would like to see happen in the film industry — whatever it may be. Now is the time to throw in your wildest schemes — it was the CCFM executive who suggested to the federal government that they consider buying Famous Players, an idea which, incredibly, is being taken seriously, and I believe it was due to their efforts that film was mentioned for the very first time in the recent Throne Speech. One member of the CFE executive has suggested as part of our brief, that the CBC should cease to be a producing agency, except in so far as it would contract out programs and provide funds and should become purely a broadcasting agency. Strangely, there was no voice of dissent on the executive, and if the membership at large approve the concept, it will be included in the brief. Other points for inclusion would be:

- a) On all films post-produced in Canada, all post-production work should be done by a Canadian.
- b) All film supported by the CFDC should have Canadian film-editing

personnel.

- c) CFDC money should be provided towards the training of people in the film industry.
- d) Editors should be eligible for a Producer's Licence, which currently enables only producers to import equipment tariff free.

If you have any suggestions related to a brief to go to the CCFM, to be included in the CCFM's policy, please contact (preferably in writing) me, or any other member of the CFE executive, and we will discuss it at the next executive meeting. Believe me, this is not just a lot of hot air. The government seriously wants to know at this time what the people in the film industry want for their industry and everything will be considered. So please let us know your views. ☐



The CFEG Award designed by Maryon Kantaroff

C.S.C. ASSIGNMENTS

C.S.C. Awards

Pictured here is the Canadian Society of Cinematographers' "Elly" (for elements). It is a stylized lens and was awarded this year at the CFE/CSC Dinner-Dance and Awards Ceremony held in Toronto. The winners in each category were selected by other cinematographers for having done the best work in their field. And the winners are:

Feature Film Category
HARRY MAKIN CSC

The Roy Tash Award
TERRANCE COLBERT

Commercial Category
FRITZ SPIESS CSC

Documentary Category
NORM KEZIERE



HAMILTON

David J. Farr — filmed twelve events, including the "Grand Parade" for "The Niagara Grape and Wine Festival", a 16mm, 14 minute, colour/sound film for the Editorial Bureau of the Ontario government.

Kitchener

Frank Valert — was Director of Photography on "Thanks To You It's Working" — a 35mm colour shoot for United Way 1975-76 with Michael Jacot Productions of Toronto. Currently teaching Cinematography at Conestoga College in Kitchener, he will be assuming a teaching position in January at the Motion Picture Faculty of the University of California, Los Angeles (UCLA).

MONTREAL

Arnold Hague — shot 35mm colour film for Stoll Aircraft in Ottawa, 16mm col-

our on the Welded Rail Machine in Drummondville and Container trains for CN.

TORONTO

Robert Crone — shot all over Nova Scotia in his private plane ("Captain" Crone) for "Adrienne At Large". He also shot the Santa Claus Parade as well as more segments for "Market Place", "Up Canada" and "Adrienne At Large". Upcoming assignments include 50 days of shooting over the next six months for Olympic preparations plus a new series of medical training films (still in storyboard form but soon to commence shooting).

Richard Leiterman — shot on location for one month throughout Italy with Director Bill Fruet for Heritage-CTV's new series, "Family of Man". He is currently Director of Photography on Joyce Wieland's feature, "The Far Shore", produced by Clearwater Films.

Robert Rouveroy — completed shooting segments for "Friends of Man", as well as commercials, promos, W-5, and Media Vision. He is currently filming for MacLean Hunter (Video), Crawley Films, a Shell video insert, W-5, and more commercials; and future assignments include work for Israeli Television, NTS Dutch Television, CTV promos, commercials and more W-5.

Robert Ryan — was Director of Photography on four half-hour TV shows in South America for "Wild Life Camera". He just finished directing and filming a feature "Fly Geese Fly" for KEG Productions; and started direction and cinematography on a new feature "Myths of Nature" for United Artist Theatres — BPR Productions Inc., New York. He will soon be on location in Argentina for eight months.

Vic Sarin — filmed on location in Newfoundland, an hour special with Gordon Pinsent "Sounds of the Rock". He has also filmed an insert for a possible 90-minute special on Stephen Leacock with Christopher Plummer as well as inserts for "Man Alive" and "This Is The Law". He is currently shooting in Europe for "Adrienne At Large", and a 30-minute show on the World Food Conference in Rome, Italy. He will be

shooting a half-hour show for the "People of Our Time" series with producer J. Locke on location in the U.S.

Yuri Spilny — recently produced a 52-minute semi-documentary about a young Canadian couple traveling in their parents' homeland for the first time — "Italian Heritage". The film was shot on location in Rome, Sicily and Naples with YSA Productions, sponsored by Lancia-Bravo Foods in Toronto. He has also completed shooting a 25-minute musical for CBC, "Come Away".

THUNDER BAY

Lloyd A. Kivinen — was camera operator on political spot commercials and is involved in preproduction for a group of commercials for Great Lakes Paper Company.

WINNIPEG

Don Campbell — filmed twelve art programs, "The Art Scene", for telecast on the CBC and is now shooting a documentary on Churchill, Manitoba. Upcoming assignments include two 20-minute programs on the native, and exotic animals of the Winnipeg Zoo.

Roland Pirker wins Award

Roland K. Pirker's film **Reprisal** was one of four films awarded a gold medal at the Festival of Nations in Velden, Carinthia, Austria. A total of 17 nations showed 158 films during the festival, which is in its third year of existence.

Reprisal was finished in 1972 as a graduation project for Conestoga College. The film concerns itself with the generation gap and has been shown several times in the Toronto and Kitchener area.

Besides the gold medal, **Reprisal** also received a special prize for best feature film, a special prize for best direction, and an honorary gift from the Embassy of Finland. It was later shown in Vienna and Cologne, Germany.

This was the first time a Canadian film was entered at the Velden Festival, but both the jury and organizing committee uttered hopes to receive more films from Canada in future years. Congratulations, Roland Pirker! □

SOCIETY OF FILMMAKERS



P.O. Box 1118, Place D'Armes Station Montreal, Quebec H2Y 3J6

The new season 1974-75 has begun with a flurry of activity. In recent days the Society has made its views known during an advisory group meeting of the Canadian Film Development Corporation, and during a meeting of the Canadian Film Awards Executive, both held in Toronto.

Your Executive is delighted to see a good many of our present members have rejoined the Society for the new year so quickly, and we have been pleased to welcome many new members to the Society from Vancouver, Toronto and Montreal. We look forward to hearing from new members from other parts of Canada too — we know you're out there!

Unfortunately a date has not yet been set for the Annual General Meeting, at which the Executive for the new year will be confirmed officially, this having been done by mail earlier, according to the constitutional amendment passed this summer allowing for a two-year Executive. Confirmation of the meeting's time, place and date will be sent to members as soon as possible.

The Society recently hosted a private industry meeting at which the special guests were the heads of the four film laboratories in Montreal, as well as the heads of the two optical houses in Montreal. In attendance as well, for a pleasant evening of shop talk, were 32 producers and interested parties. The meeting was a genuine success. Everyone learned of the "other fellow's" particular problems, views, etc. in the mutually dependent roles of producers — lab expeditors, and lab and optical personnel. The Society had asked the National Film Board for the loan of a

large meeting room for the event, and the Board agreed to thus assist what was exclusively a private industry affair. The meeting was arranged at the suggestion of several S.F.M. members in Montreal, and serves as a perfect example of one



—Peter Adamakos

of the Society's functions — to be used and to be called upon by its members actively

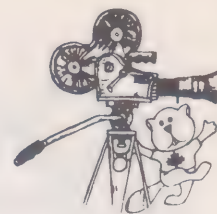
The Advisory Group of the Canadian Film Development Corporation, after a year in mothballs, was finally called

upon again by the CFDC to a meeting in Toronto recently. One of the few decisions to come out of the meeting was an assurance that meetings would be held in future regularly, and more frequently, a point which the SFM has been trying to make for years. The present state of near-crisis in the feature film industry in Canada was undoubtedly the reason for calling the meeting as a further meeting is planned for early December, at which there is to be a definitive answer given by the CFDC on the tax write-off question. The meeting, in a mere four hours tackled many other subjects such as CFDC funding of short films, of fully-funded feature films, of grants for writing, film festival participation, distribution and exhibition problems, the use of non-Canadians in CFDC features, and other matters. Naturally all that could be hoped for was a statement of positions and brief debate, a factor that prompted the decision to meet as often as possible, there being so many complex problems facing the film industry. According to the SFM's representative on the body, Peter Adamakos, the decision to meet more frequently will permit additional progress for a forum that was marked by its frankness and seeming willingness to make firm decisions as far as its unfortunately limited mandate permits.

Members are reminded to forward their membership renewals (\$15 per year) as soon as possible. Finally, members are also reminded that the many magazines, reports, briefs, etc that the Society receives in the course of the year are made available without charge. Members from, or visiting Montreal should call (514) 844-8828 to arrange their visits. □

TORONTO FILM CO-OP

404 Jarvis Street, Toronto M4Y 2G6



What a fine surprise we got at the St. Lawrence Centre on Friday, October 25. The Public Affairs Department of Toronto Arts Productions got together with the Co-op and the Distribution Centre and presented Reel Feelings, a gala evening of All-Canadian films. It was WONDERFUL. Looked like virtually everyone in Toronto made it to the thing, people were waiting in LINE to see Canadian films! Someone CARES!

Not the PRESS, particularly, none of them made it (except for Cinema Canada, which was there EN MASSE!). Whatsa matter with those guys? They'll get their chance, however, the Co-op is planning lots more of these events, six, actually; news flashes will appear at the propitious moments.

Anyway, the programme presented October 25 was PRETTY dazzling, eighteen short films of all descriptions. For those of you who couldn't make it (perhaps you missed the last bus out of Kamloops?) or for those who were turned away — here's a list of all the MA VELOUS films you missed. You can either eat your heart out, or make sure you set up a similar evening and make sure you SEE THESE FILMS!

Life Times Nine — colour, 15 minutes, Insi Productions. An anthology of nine vignettes scripted and directed by nine young people between the ages of 11 and 16 years using professional actors and film crew. Each vignette is a commercial to sell the joys of living. Canada's 1974 Academy Award nominee. Distributed by Viking Films Ltd., Montreal.

The Violin — colour, 23 minutes, A. Welsh. A beautiful and sensitive study of the growth of a relationship between a young boy and an old man who plays the violin. Distributed by Sincinkin Productions.

Perlmutter Story — colour, 24 minutes, P. Saltzman. An exciting, sensitive visual documentary of the former Perlmutter far bakery in Kensington market. Distributed International Telefilm.

To A Very Old Woman — colour, 10 minutes, Paul Quigley. Statement of attitude towards death — an attitude that goes beyond merely abstract acceptance of death. Based on a poem by Irving Layton. Distributed Universal Films.

The Examiner — colour, 13 minutes, P. Quigley. F. Scott speaks out strongly against that educational philosophy which demands youth conformity to rigid dictates of a system

or of an individual. Distributed by Universal Films.

Lyle Leffler: The Last of the Medicine Men — colour, 24 minutes, Michael Hirsh. Lyle Leffler used to travel across the country selling Snake oil. Now, at 84, he doesn't sell Snake oil any more but he's still manufacturing Native oil and selling it for \$1.50 per miraculous bottle. Distributed by Nelvana Films.

Bleecker Street* — b&w, 25 minutes, Ross Redfern. A battle between a large development corporation and 300 people in a downtown community. The developer won. The film is a statement by the people of the community.

The Bureaucracy* — colour, 10 minutes, Al Sens. It's about an animated character's trip through a surrealistic bureaucracy.

Dull Day Demolition — colour, 15 min. Insight Productions. For years the fires of fantasy have been flickering but now at last a war of wonder is being waged! Help us light the lights of laughter and together we'll BOOT the bummers back where they BELONG.

The film's lead is one of the most delightfully horrifying characters since James Arness played the eight foot vegetable from Mars in The Thing.

Ice* — colour, 3 minutes, Nicholas Kendall. An evocative impression of a frozen lake, the sounds, colours and lights that dance on the reflective surface.

R.O.M.* — b&w, 8 minutes, Jim Anderson. The Royal Ontario Museum animated by the fast moving camera and the people who don't appear in the film.

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Base Tranquility* — colour, 7 minutes, Jim Anderson, Kieth Lock. This film, done in the fine tradition of hand painted images and sounds, deals with Western man's fetish for technology.

*Distributed by the Canadian Film-Makers Distribution Centre.

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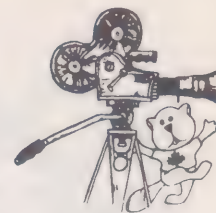
are looking forward to a much more active year ahead, to say nothing about the Annual Christmas Party. . . . ☐

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One Hand Clapping* — colour, 28 minutes, Clay Borris. "This warmly human look into the silent world of Betty-Ann Whiting takes on a particular tenderness because the director Clay Borris happens to be the brother of Betty-Ann, a deaf mute." Frank Penn, *Ottawa Citizen*.

Her Decision* — b&w, 18 minutes, Glen Salzman, Rebecca Yates. Story of a young woman surrounded by the conventions of the late 19th century and her growth to a greater self-awareness which allows her to break through the bonds of family and unfulfilled love.

Bill & John* — colour, 11 minutes, Nicholas Kendall. A sensitive and intimate portrait of two tramps living in London, England. The film was shot while Nicholas Kendall studied filmmaking at the London Film School. He followed the tramps around the city, talking with them and learning about their ways and means of living, their attitudes towards their life, and the people of London.

Kettle of Fish* — b&w, 13 min., Boon Collins. The film dramatizes a tense confrontation between two men in a neighbourhood bar in New York City. The situation reflects the alienation and isolation prevalent in today's urban society.

Thanksgiving* — colour, 5 minutes, Ken Wallace. Definitely not lyrical, this film seems to be an anthropological science fiction piece.

The film's lead is one of the most delightfully horrifying characters since James Arness played the eight foot vegetable from Mars in *The Thing*.

Ice* — colour, 3 minutes, Nicholas Kendall. An evocative impression of a frozen lake, the sounds, colours and lights that dance on the reflective surface.

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**Distributed by the Canadian Film-Makers Distribution Centre.*

Important

The co-op had its Annual Meeting recently, and your new (and recycled, in some cases) executives are: Jock Brandis, Pen Densham, Alan Goldstein, Ági Ibrányi-Kiss, George Csaba Koller, Patrick Lee, Keith Lock, Michele Moses, Jason Paikowsky and Marie Waisberg (with the Distribution Centre getting an observer/friendly seat). It's very important for all active members to contact these people, because the meeting also decided to make some radical changes in the Co-op concerning new directions, policies, and logistics. The basic area we're all interested in changing concerns production. The overwhelming majority of members present at the Annual Meeting agreed that we will have to move far more forcefully into production and make very drastic changes, if that is what is needed, in order to greatly increase work in this area. However, the task of working all this out and hassling over logistics etc. was left to the Executive Committee. So — if this concerns you (and if it doesn't — why did you join?) make sure you let the executives know BEFORE decisions are made. We're all hoping to hear from you and are looking forward to a much more active year ahead, to say nothing about the Annual Christmas Party. . . . □

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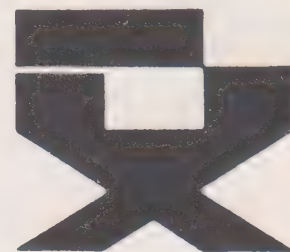
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DIRECTORS GUILD OF CANADA



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Dear Members:

After an incredibly hectic summer and a slow October, production is picking up again. **FAR SHORE** being produced by Chalmers Adams of Clearwater is in pro-production with Joyce Wieland set to handle the director chores. **MARILYN STONEHOUSE** has been set as Production Manager with **TONY LUCIBELLO** and **BILL CORCORAN** handling the A.D. posts. Start date is mid-November. — **Quadrant Films** of Toronto is also geared for a November 18th start date on a feature entitled **IT SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA AT THE TIME**. **JOHN TRENT** has been set as director; **LIZ BUTTERFIELD** the production manager, with **JOHN ECKERT** and **PETE O'BRIAN** handling the A.D. roles. **SAM JEPHCOTT** is working with Liz as assistant p.m., with **ED MODDY** the trainee. — **KOSYGIN IS COMING!** scheduled to roll in B.C. mid-November. B.C. office crewing. — **SCOTT MAITLAND** on location with **THE LONG HARD RIDE** in Spain 'til the end of December. — **GARY FLANAGAN** working a four-episode special with Maxine Samuels out of CBC. — **PETER CARTER**, **PHIL MCPHEDRAN** working **Anthology** — **KEITH O'LEARY** back from a 15 day shoot in Newfoundland, now directing commercials for Dominion — **RAY ARSENAULT**, **BOB SCHULZ**, **COLIN SMITH**, **DON WILDER**, **BILL IRISH**, **IAN MCDUGALL**, **GARY LEAROYD**, **BOB HALBGEBAUER**, et al involved in commercial shoots. More later.

ON THE AGENCY SCENE — Goodis Goldberg Soren has picked up the Canadian account for Ramada Inns. MacLaren Advertising of Toronto has picked up the Gestetner account. The Bic Pen account has been acquired by Media Buying of Toronto — formerly with Hayhurst. F.H. Hayhurst is agency of record on the \$7 million account of

Colgate-Palmolive. — **ROD BROOK** has been appointed the associate creative director at Needham, Harper and Steers, Toronto. — **H.M. TURNER Jr.** succeeds G.G. Sinclair as president of MacLaren Advertising. Sinclair becomes Chief Executive Officer and Chairman. — **DOUGLAS BOND** has been named vice-president, account supervisor, of Norman Craig Kummel.

The Interim Report of the Select Committee on Economic and Cultural Na-

tionalism — Advertising and the Advertising Industry — has now been released by the Ontario Provincial Government and its recommendations, if implemented, could produce sweeping changes in the advertising industry. The report's recommendations are too sweeping to go into in depth here; however, we would recommend that all those persons engaged in this area obtain a copy of this report. A summary report will be mailed to members. □

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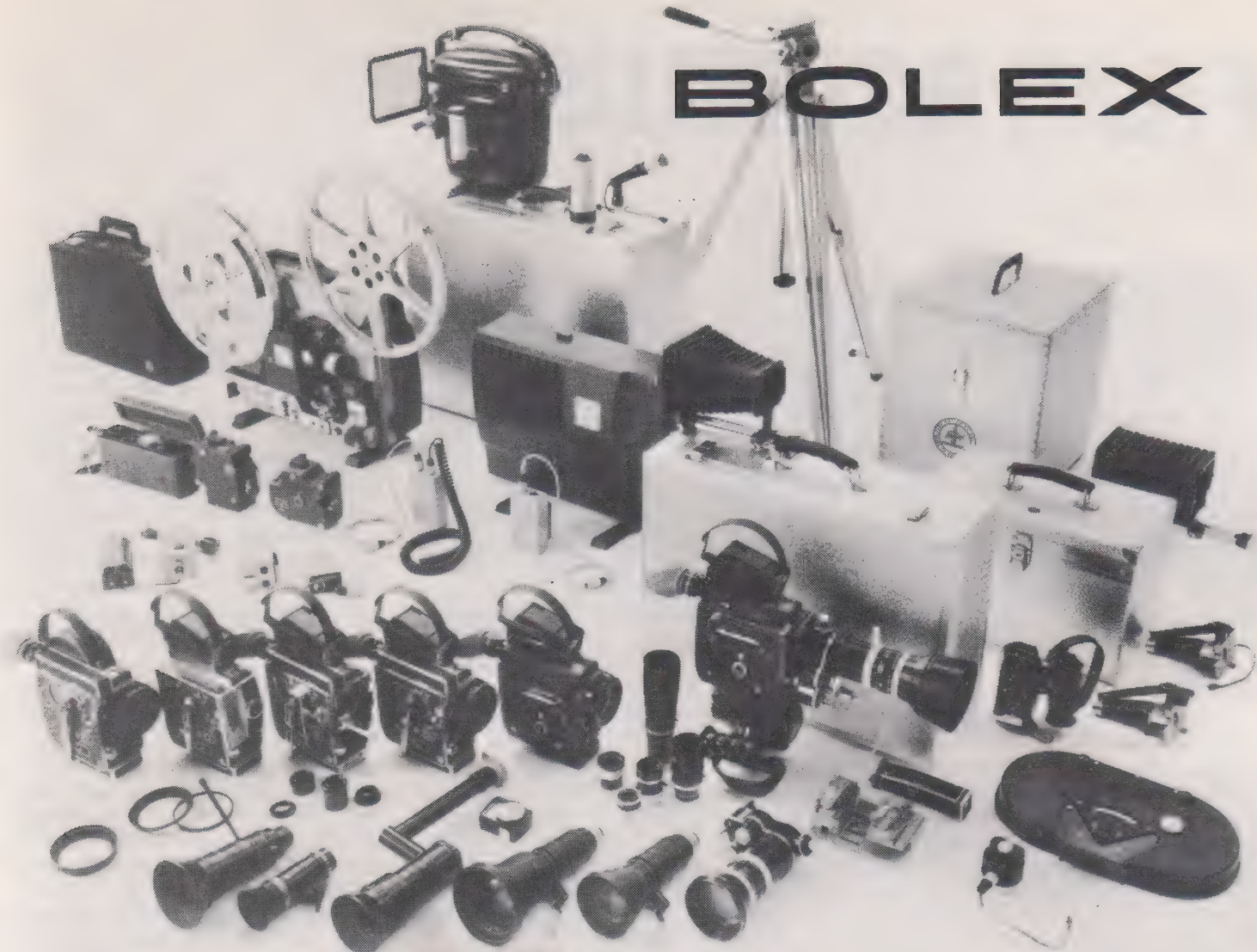
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FILM REVIEWS

Why Rock The Boat?

An exciting film in a quiet and unpretentious way, *Why Rock the Boat?* intrigues you, charms you and makes you laugh without ever feeling it is cheap laughter easily earned.

Comedy is a delicate art — the less apparent the effort, the more effective and funny it will appear and the more spontaneous and pleasurable the resulting laughter. So easy to misfire, film comedy is a delight when skillfully scripted, directed and performed — all with a degree of good-natured restraint. And *Why Rock the Boat?* is indeed a delight!

This feature belies the popular view that a film lacks true excitement unless it jolts you out of your seat, induces you to laugh or sob uncontrollably, or drives you out of the theatre with a sudden attack of nausea. Here, you remain seated — calm, dry-eyed and smiling. In complete control of your faculties, you are able to appreciate the pleasure of smiling and laughing *with* a film instead of *at* it. This is indeed exciting: to laugh instinctively without feeling manipulated or conned; to respond with genuine delight instead of derision.

Directed by John Howe, *Why Rock the Boat?* is a National Film Board production, written and produced by William Weintraub who based his screenplay on his 1961 satiric novel. Both book and film trace the early days in the career of a young aspiring reporter named Harry Barnes.

It is the winter of 1947 and the engagingly naïve but ever-eager Harry (Stuart Gillard) is fresh from his studies at McGill University. Armed with a scrapbook of his writings for the university paper and with even less experience in the ways of the world, our hero bravely sets out to make his mark on life. Or, more precisely, he sets out to make his mark in the exciting and glamorous world of "JOURNALISM".

Cold reality dictates the first rung in Harry's climb up the ladder to success: he is hired as an \$18-a-week cub reporter for Canada's dullest newspaper, the fictitious *Montreal Daily Witness*. Informed by veteran *Witness* reporters not to "rock the boat" with any fancy ideals or else face immediate unemployment, Harry is no fool and opts for survival as he sets out to keep the boat as steady as possible.

Managing editor of the *Witness* is a hard-nosed, hard-hearted taskmaster with the charmingly appropriate name of Philip L. Butcher (Henry Beckman). Under his strong, misguided leadership the paper is undyingly dedicated to stepping on the toes of absolutely no one, especially those toes belonging to advertisers and politicians. Try as he may, Harry is unable to hide an innate tendency to chafe against the often absurd restrictions placed on *Witness* employees. Not long after being hired (to replace a young man fired for the cardinal sin of mis-spelling the name of an important advertiser) Harry finds his own status clearly defined by an irate P.L. Butcher who announces he will give him a chance but only because Harry has the least important and lowest paying position on the paper — "I can't say goodbye to anyone as refreshingly inexpensive as you."

But in spite of his conformist intentions, poor Harry is constantly tripped up by his own sublimated inclination to rebel. He is genuinely horrified when his whimsical but scathing practice stories inexplicably begin appearing on the front page of the *Daily Witness*. Stolen from Harry's desk, the unsigned stories cause a furor and provoke an unsettling search for the "phantom" writer. Unedited, screamingly funny, but far from flattering to their common subject — P.L. Butcher — the stories are definitely not in keeping with the paper's obsessive conservatism. Harry watches helplessly as his "little" indiscretion mushrooms wildly and threatens to undo all his well-meaning attempts to become as acceptably innocuous as possible.

This is only a portion of Harry's painful yet comic struggle to discover and balance what he really is with what he thinks he should be in order to succeed in life. For the remainder of the film's 112 minutes we are treated to a succession of witty and quietly hilarious misadventures made all the more amusing because of their low-key presentation and a certain unerring ring of truth. When Harry's increasing frustrations in both work and love ultimately converge and explode, understatement is set aside in favour of a marvelously raucous climatic scene. A fine blend of satire and slapstick, this scene has a drunken and love-sick Harry Barnes casting aside all caution as he staggers over the desk-tops in the *Witness* newsroom delivering a stirring

pro-union speech he's not absolutely certain he believes. In part a last ditch effort to win the love of Julia Martin, pro-union journalist from a rival paper, Harry's actions are also a final testimony to his true inability to conform to Butcher's unreasonable philosophies. Without the considerable skills of director Howe, writer Weintraub and the remarkably believable and agile performance of actor Gillard, the scene could have killed the film because of its introduction of a form of slapstick into a film otherwise low-key in its approach. But it works, precisely because its wild abandon is in perfect harmony with Harry's physical and emotional state.

Although William Weintraub has acknowledged toning down the biting satire of the original novel, the film's inventive satiric forays still hit their marks square on and may be all the more successful and scathing because of a delicious veneer of good-natured mischievous fun.

Particularly memorable, quite aside from the swipes at newspaper life, are two inspired send-ups. One deals with benevolent brotherhood associations: in this case it is the Bellringers Club, whose meetings consist of dull speeches greeted with catatonic "enthusiasm" by members who stand up and ring their little handbells on cue. The second target is the erotic love scene, and involves a delightful show-stealing cameo performance by Patricia Gage as Elizabeth Scannell, a predatory married woman (the city editor's wife, no less) who shares a quiet fireside moment popping popcorn with young Harry Barnes. Popping popcorn will never again seem an entirely innocent pastime after this classic scene which makes fun of excessively steamy love scenes while revelling gloriously in its own peculiar brand of eroticism.

John Howe's direction reveals exceptional feeling for understated comedy as well as a sensitive ability to recreate effectively the realities of a past era too often obscured by the excessive nostalgia of less capable directors. In *Why Rock the Boat?* with the talented contributions of cinematographer Savas Kalogeras, production designer Earl Preston and costume designer Philippa Wingfield — not only does the look and feel of the 1940's come alive through careful attention to physical and visual detail, but there is a real sense of what it must have been like to be a young

person starting a career in 1947.

The film could be stronger dramatically if the leisurely pace were tightened somewhat. No scenes need be excised, just trimmed slightly to make the overall production as compact and biting as its individual scenes, and yet retain enough of the leisurely pacing to preserve one of the most effective aspects of the film: the fact that we are permitted an experience of Montreal in the 40's which allows us to appreciate the era more completely, and to understand more fully the depicted experience of young Harry Barnes, cub reporter.

The supporting cast is uniformly impressive from the memorable appearance of Patricia Gage and Henry Beckman's suitably menacing P.L. Butcher, through Ken James's charmingly raffish Ronny Waldron (Witness photographer and Harry's confidant), to the solid performances of all members of the Witness staff including Sean Sullivan as city editor Herb Scannell, Budd Knapp as Fred O'Neill and Patricia Hamilton as Hilda.

Only Tiiu Leek's performance as love-interest Julia Martin is a disturbingly weak link in an otherwise strong chain. This is due primarily to an uncertainty, perhaps partly attributable to director Howe, of whether to portray Julia as a one-dimensional send-up or a more substantial and complex character. Leek's Julia is affable and somewhat amusing in her superficiality; and, in keeping with the style of the film, she is supposed to be rather unreal and larger than life. But then so is Harry Barnes, and actor Gillard has managed to balance caricature with human complexity. Thus, one can only assume that Leek's emerging talents are not as yet ready for such a challenge.

Stuart Gillard, whose portrayal of Harry could easily have been a boring one-dimensional cartoon of a naïve innocent, here establishes himself as one of Canada's finest actors because he has refused to depict Harry as anyone less than an interesting and complex human being. Neither a neurotic Duddy Kravitz obsessed with succeeding at any price, nor a spineless nobody, Gillard's Harry is a delightfully complex characterization, a lovingly detailed portrait of the kind of person national surveys delight in labelling "normal". We can identify with Harry Barnes out of instant self-recognition rather than out



Stuart Gillard and Ken James

Scene from "Why Rock The Boat?"



of a certain detached sympathy.

What a pleasure it is to watch Gillard, as Harry subtly yet perceptibly evolves during his newspaper apprenticeship and his excursion into the world of romance! It is a bravura performance of a different breed — instead of a series of clever and dazzling character revelations, Gillard's portrayal is impressive for its restrained and delicate internal quality. When the film is over, it is Stuart Gillard that looms in one's memory, his performance growing steadily in stature because it dominates the film through intelligent and controlled understatement.

Ultimately, although one or two elements are not entirely successful, *Why Rock the Boat?* is certainly a successful film. It is enormous fun because it is fun with perception and insight. That is one of the film's greatest attributes, one that should be applauded loudly and not undervalued.

— Laurinda Hartt

Why Rock the Boat?

A person must be pretty big at the Board to get to be the producer of his own screenplay of his own novel. Or perhaps *A Matter of Fat* so impressed the NFB heavies that they decided to give William Weintraub the big chance, along with director John Howe, to fold, spindle, and mutilate a full-blown feature idea.

Yes, it's another Canadian screen comedy, in the grand tradition of *Foxy Lady*, *Another Smith for Paradise*, *Tobias Rouke*, *Following Through*, *Keep it in the Family*, and *Only God Knows*. Proceeding in the familiar somnambulistic stagger from one tired situation to another, uncorrupted by much in the way of verbal wit, *Why Rock the Boat?* concerns itself with the journalistic and sexual initiation of a cub reporter on the Montreal "Witness" in 1947. Weintraub, I gather, graduated from McGill in 1947, and joined the

Montreal *Gazette*, and it's strange to see how little imaginative use he is able to make of that experience.

The story is set in the middle of the struggle to establish the newspaper guild, against the unscrupulous opposition of owners and editors. Harry Barnes, our goofy, virginal anti-hero, has no political ideas to rub together, but the Girl he Loves is a guild organizer, and in order to win her esteem he reads a little Lenin. With this intellectual equipment, plus a few shots of rye, he surprises himself and everyone else by delivering a passionate speech to his colleagues, snubbing the apoplectic editor, and inspiring a confident solidarity. A union is born.

Rather a good moment. Makes you want to cheer, like those scenes in schoolboy movies when the timidest boy in the class finally leads an attack on the sadistic headmaster. But the script pushes the moment over the brink into farce, and the scene collapses into a silly rough-house, with people spraying the fire hose all over the office.

Harry hasn't "acted himself into a new way of thinking"; the film sticks to its comic premise that courageous radical action is the accidental by-product of male courtship rituals. Maybe that is essentially what Weintraub believes, in which case the film's vacuous nihilism has at least the virtue of sincerity. But if he doesn't believe that, and has adopted the idea simply in an effort to be funny, then it betrays a pathetic failure of the imagination.

And I'm not saying that everyone has to be solemn and respectful about radicalism. The theory and practice of radical activists cries out to be satirized, if only to 'expose the contradictions' of people whose vocation is exposing those of everyone else. But to satirize something you have to be interested in it; you have to know its real strengths and weaknesses. The authors of *Why Rock the Boat?* might just as well satirize the Catholic Church by implying that all nuns are sexually frustrated — which is possible, unlikely, and as an idea *trivial*.

Well, they will say, but the point was not to satirize anything, but to make a fun film with some honest-to-goodness laughs. So we have yet another film about a goofy guy's stumblebum attempts to get laid. Why do Canadian film-makers find this so funny? (It's the theme of *Foxy Lady*, *Rip-Off*, and the genuinely funny *Chester Angus Rams-good*, while the type makes another appearance in Markson's *Monkeys*.) I suppose more men than would care to admit it find themselves identifying with the humiliating pangs of despised lust. But a film has to do something

inventive with this material. *Why Rock the Boat?* takes us through the familiar frustrations and longueurs, and eventually propels the voyaging prick into the welcoming harbour of Patricia Gage (the city-editor's wife), who has the dubious pleasure of taking that long-preserved virginity. The nicest moment in the movie occurs when Harry gigglingly admits this conquest to his friend Ronnie, photographer and stick-man. Stuart Gillard's acting sometimes has an engaging authenticity.

Not so Julia, the girl of his dreams. As played by Tiiu Leek she is singularly lacking in warmth or genuineness. In an interview in *Cinema Canada No. 15*, Weintraub declares that his screenplay is "more generous" than his 1961 novel, in that he now allows the guy to get the girl. If Julia were sexually attractive, personally likeable, or credibly admirable as a radical consciousness, there might be some generosity in matching her with our young reporter. As it is, the conclusion of the film looks like throwing a cub to the Christians.

— Robert Fothergill

The Hard Part Begins

Directed by Paul Lynch, with Donnelly Rhodes, Nancy Belle Fuller and Paul Bradley.

If American hucksterism has accustomed us to the bloated claims of Hollywood, so Canadian hatred of hyperbole has encouraged the celebration of a tight-lipped quietism. We admire the small and true, praising those mirrors that reflect harmless angles of our society while forgetting that art is the things we do with gained reality not the capturing of its pale image. In many ways *The Hard Part Begins* is a fine directorial debut for Paul Lynch and a measure of its success is that the film makes one wish that it had risked more; aimed a little higher.

Set in southern Ontario the film follows a country singer, Jim King, back to his home town, now just another dismal stop in a career that lives on dreams of Nashville while facing indifferent beer-swilling faces in half-empty clubrooms. During a week of such outrageous fortune that John Hunter's script reads like a caricature of *The Great Canadian Losers* theme, King watches an old friend dying, has his dreams of a Toronto recording contract smashed, loses girlfriend and partner, becomes once more embroiled in the slings and arrows of old family responsibilities and, to round off the week, is beaten up. Jim King will go on, for pride and hopes leave no alternatives and the pleasures of the film particularly Donnelly Rhodes' fine and powerful

performance as King is that we come to care for this tired, battle-worn man. Surrounded but rarely supported by Nancy Belle Fuller as Jenny, the talented girlfriend, and Paul Bradley as the vulgar side-kick, Rhodes' performance shines with memorable truth. A truth gained despite a script that seldom allows the actor the luxury of creative invention, and a director who is clearly insecure with the more revealing moments of an actor's craft.

But Lynch has other skills to offer, especially a good understanding of action. All the musical sequences ring with quiet conviction. So also does a fight sequence that, leading from a fine exuberant solo by Paul Bradley, ends on a quiet note of reality that in a single shot rubs the excitement of the action with the taste of truth and place that is one of the small joys of the film. It is in the quieter scenes that Lynch seems unable to break from the banalities of the script and an obvious awareness of the material's triteness and his own limitations really doesn't help. In almost all the emotional scenes the direction fails to add that stamp of authority and intelligence that would take the viewer past the flat reality of the screen into the heady world of imagination and understanding. Occasionally this passiveness works, as in a harsh and bitter moment between King and his ex-wife where limited means and the viewers sympathy mesh, and the effort, like the words and gestures, lies helpless before the hurt of old wounds and rekindled pain. But by delivering so grudgingly in the scenes that work, false notes and small insecurities become all the more obvious in sections that don't, as in the next pivotal clash between King and his angry son. By couching the performances in the reticent language of master shots, conservative angles and taut editing Lynch draws undue attention to the structure and technique, which, spawned from television documentaries, too often mistakes tired generalities and hackneyed thinking for local colour. Away from the intelligence of Rhodes' face, parts break away from the fabric of the whole leaving "meaningful" pulled focus that arrive only to reveal other linking shots; overlapping scenes that add nothing to the story and cut-aways that prettify in order to look ugly.

Great film is the unity of thought and feeling through action and while one grows to respect the director's effort in this film he never manages to break away from the faulty looking-glass that is the camera lens. *The Hard Part Begins* is often an honest portrait of a sordid world and a fine frame for a moving performance by Donnelly

Rhodes. We can only hope that Paul Lynch's next film will come soon and stretch further.

—Alastair Brown

Les Ordres

The knock in the middle of the night

Written and directed by Michel Brault, Edited by Yves Dion, Camerawork by Michel Brault and François Protat, with: Helene Loiselle, Jean Lapointe, Guy Provost, Claude Gauthier and Louise Forestier.

At 5:17 a.m. on the morning of October 16, 1970, I was watching television. It was quite a funny program, a bit like Orson Welles radio program supposedly about the invasion of the Earth by Martians. This one was called "The War Measures Act," but unlike Welles' production of thirty years earlier, this one wasn't particularly believable — people en masse being arrested and held without trial; soldiers with sub-machine guns at the corner of Peel and St. Catherine. It was just a bit too far-fetched — this is Canada, after all, British system of justice, nice wide roads, street lamps, colour television, pizza parlors — I mean, I know it might sound a little trite, but surely "it can't happen here."

But for 450 other totally innocent people, the spectacle was a little more involving, because for them that famous knock in the middle of the night that's only supposed to happen in Russia and Nazi Germany, had already happened. One minute at home changing the baby's diapers, the next minute stripped

Scene from "Les Ordres"



naked, hands up against the wall of some anonymous garage, with someone looking up your ass with a flashlight.

Michel Brault's *Les Ordres* ("The Orders" as in "I was only following. . .") is a film that probably will not be shown commercially in Toronto or Edmonton or Vancouver. Maybe there will not even be an English version. Not that the film lacks drama and not that it is

not well made — it's easily one of the most subtle moving films that I have seen this year — but, you see, the story that this film relates could not really interest people in Toronto or Edmonton or Vancouver because, let's face it, it certainly couldn't happen there. Except for one small fact — it already did. For the law that (in gentle bureaucratisation) "suspended" the rights of those 450 Quebecers also suspended the rights of all Canadians. The only difference was that it was they that were stripped, showered, shaven and fingerprinted and thrown into a cell without a word of explanation while you and I watched on television thinking, "well anyways, it has nothing to do with me."

Michel Brault's film, however, provides no such emotional loopholes, so perhaps it's lucky that you probably will never get to see it. The film isn't out to prove anything beyond what the events themselves proved. It is the story of five individuals culled from verbatim interviews with over forty people who, like the rest, had been imprisoned and held without being formally charged. At the beginning of the film the well known Quebec actors give their real names and describe who they are representing in the film — a social worker, union organizer, a doctor and a housewife. This is done not through any Godardian razz mataz, but simply because they are telling the truth. And the stories that follow are not souped up to be any sort of epic tragedy because the simple fact was, that for most of the people arrested, the experience was no more than a minor nuisance (especially when put beside what's happening to other people in other countries.)

Nobody was tortured particularly, and in general everything operated with exemplary efficiency — oh ya well there was this unemployed guy, married with two small children and the prison guards jokingly told him that he would be shot in three days (you know boys will be boys) and he believed them! Isn't that a scream! But maybe after five days locked up in a cell with no explanation, when the worst thing that you had ever done in your life was to drink a few too many beers — maybe even someone from Winnipeg might start to believe that anything is possible. And the fact that he had to enter a mental hospital after he was released — well who knows, maybe he would have gone a little looney anyways sitting at home watching television. You see, there are no real horror stories coming out of this particular reign of terror — a few husbands separated from pregnant wives, mothers separated from their children and people arrested through clerical error. Much worse things have happened.

Look at films like *Battle of Algiers* or *Z* or *Burn*; now here are injustices that we can really get our political teeth into! But strangely enough, Michel Brault's was much more effective because there is something packaged about a drama, and something packaged about your response to it that makes the experience artificial. For in these dramatic films, with everything sewed up and nothing left dangling, we can all smugly retire to our coffee houses with a comfortable feeling of enagement. *Les Ordres* is different. It is haunting like no other political film partly because it's so close to home and partly because it's so understatedly real. When no one gets killed or tortured we are reduced to mild words like humiliation and injustice. But anyone who has read the history books knows that this is how it happens — Nazi Berlin wasn't built in a day. One of the big things in Canadian law is precedent, and because it could happen so effortlessly four years ago, ("Daddy, what were you doing during the War Measures Act?") it could happen again. Brault's subtle camera and his portrayal of these five ordinary John Smiths makes it bloody difficult to feel smug about anything.

—Ronald Blumer

The Lost Tribe

On his last day of work as early morning film reviewer with the CBC in Montreal, Associate Editor Ronald Blumer decided to try out a little test — to give a review of a phony film with an absurd plot and see if anyone would react. The thesis was that if the cadence of the voice is right, and the whole packaged in the right style, any imaginable absurdity could get by. The following review was broadcast Friday August 30, 1974 at 8:15 a.m. So far as we know the only question asked was, how can we see this movie? Mr. Blumer is currently on Baffin Island scouting locations.

The second film I saw this week, *The Lost Tribe*, is a first feature film by the young Vancouver director John Schouten. The film is worth seeing if only for its rather unusual script because the story presents the astounding thesis that the Eskimos of Northern Canada are in fact one of the lost tribes of Israel — presumably they strayed a little North on their way out of Egypt. The amazing thing is that *this* unlikely story comes across totally convincingly with Murry Westgate giving a powerfully moving performance as the village leader; a sort of Moses in seal skins, who has led his people out of the desert into the barren frozen tundra. But the real star of this film is the special effects man, who has turned this vast biblical metaphor into something very believable on the screen. There is, of course, no parting of the Red Sea in the Arctic Ocean,

but the splitting of the glaciers and the blinding, white on white snow storms raise this modest, low budget film to epic proportions.

The film is chock full of biblical references converted into Eskimo folklore. There are the non-believers praying to the golden walrus calf and the eating of unleavened whale blubber during the pilgrimage to the promised land in mukluks. But this Exodus of the North really exists on the level of personal human drama with Alexandra Stewart playing a moving Ruth, and John Vernon as the fiercely credible Johocifat. Intriguing as the idea is though, I'm not sure that this film will convince very many people that the Eskimos are really Jewish; but as the sun sets on the five month long sabbath and you see their ghostly silhouettes against the oil lamps, you get the spooky feeling that the great Canadian North has many secrets still to be told.

— Ron Blumer

Black Christmas

Directed by Bob Clark, Produced by Gerry Arbeid, script by Roy Moore from "Stop Me.., photography by Reginald Morris (of the Paper Chase), music by Carl Zitrer.

I was relieved when I noticed the small U.S. flag sitting on the detective's desk at Police Headquarters. It made **Black Christmas** look like an American movie. Also, the kind of crowd that would go to it always bolt abruptly once the film ends; they'd never notice the combined financial credit after the titles to Famous Players and the Canadian Film Development Corporation, or that in fact this was a typical sell-out Canadian film. And they wouldn't need a U.S. flag to identify its national character either.

Robert Fulford tells us that in Barry Lord's Maoist criticism of Canadian art Lord identifies works that colonized people create to buy status and profit for themselves by helping the imperial power exploit their fellow colonialists, as "comprador" art.

That's **Black Christmas**. Politically, it's a browner's sycophantic effort to sidle up to lower U.S. taste for cheap thrills and fast cash.

As Jean Paul Belmondo said to Jean Seberg at the end of **Breathless**: "C'est vraiment dégueulasse."

The strangest thing about seeing this anti-female stock horror caper at the Imperial in Toronto was the incredible juxtapositioning of it with a reasonably clever, highly female-oriented 1972 NFB short, **L'oeuf** by Clorinda Warny, full of surreal effects and montages relating to eggs and life. Someone must



Margot Kidder in "Black Christmas"

have noticed they both dealt with the female.

The combination was about as sensitive as that ad in which a chicken encourages you to eat at Colonel Sanders.

Black Christmas is well located and photographed. It features a sorority house where, one by one, accompanied by what women prefer to think of as harmless though sick-minded obscene phone calls, all the little ladies get their comeuppance for being lovely, young, well-to-do and/or liberated. And the most suspicious male is of course artistic. A pianist.

The satisfactions of a film in which upper middle-class females, sharp and sexy, are terrorized and brutally or gruesomely destroyed can be easily seen to appeal to all misogynists, insecure and frustrated men, and a thwarted and denied working class who resent college kids, liberated women, intellectual and particularly artistic males, and, quite possibly, the expense of Christmas.

The performers came in for a shaking from Toronto critics, but actually they were quite acceptable in their roles. Abandoning any social, sexual, moral or political critical attitudes, toward the movie, the females had the edge in performance. Margot Kidder particularly gave life and vivacity to her characterization of the cynical sorority sister, while Andrea Martin (super in **Cannibal Girls**) was humorous, touching, warm, silly and sympathetic to a fault. Even Marian Waldman's guzzling sewer-mouthed house mother, wildly overdone, and American Olivia Hussey as an affected snob-sister, worked hard to try to capture both the silliness and scarieness of the plot.

Canadian males shouldn't go unnoticed either. I found it sad, life does

go by so fast, to see Doug McGrath, a male who can literally reek sex, relegated to a sexless stereotyped boob-cop role. But he made it a pleasure anyhow, and with James Edmond, as a father who acts somewhat more bewildered than quite necessary (was he ever told the plot?) and Art Hindle and Les Carlson, the Canadian contingent did what they could, which was basically, lie low.

Keir Dullea played the paperback pianist with anguished sensitivity rather suitably, but finally the only performer came out on top was the heavy breathing garbled telephone voice(s), which gives you some idea of whose alter ego invented the script.

— Natalie Edwards

Child Under a Leaf

That glossy world pictured in consumer magazines and in sunny Sunday Supplements, with the fur throws, white deep pile rugs, forever green plants, and wide glass walls leading into flagged gardens; that wonder-world of buxom healthy women in impeccable white caftans sprawled contentedly among the cushions, with handsome sensitive males standing nearby holding a Chivas Regal, and maybe a baby or a cat or dog cunningly settled by the latest in porcelain fireplaces; well, *that* world of fad and fashion and fancy comes to a sort of life in **Child Under a Leaf**, a new semi-Canadian film by George Bloomfield.

Photographed with centre-spread skill by Don Wilder (**Paperback Hero**) the woman is Dyan Cannon (**Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice**), the lover, Donald Pilon (**The Pyx, True Nature of Bernadette**, etc.), the baby Julie Bullock and the husband Joseph Campanella. The emotion-nudging music is by Francis Lai, known primarily here for his work for **Love Story** rather than his many Claude Lelouch scores.

This is another CFDC backed film made blatantly for the U.S. market, calculated with such care that commercial slots and easily cut censorable scenes are practically marked with dotted lines, ready to be clipped out for TV. Unlike **Black Christmas**, it doesn't place an American flag in sight, and in fact, to satisfy nationalists, perhaps, an Information Canada sign can be briefly glimpsed in one street scene.

Other than that there is nothing to offend the American TV viewer with a sense of the foreign, especially once Micheline Lanctôt's French Canadian accent has been removed, and another

voice dubbed in.

Bloomfield, five years ago produced works like *Eloise and Abelard*, and Pinter's *The Basement* for CBC-TV, works that demanded the creation of a highly romantic, dramatic or logically illogic world. Here he once again attempts to construct an unreal dramatic world, but unfortunately his writing doesn't provide him as director with sufficient dramatic strength or logical coherence to carry his moralistic tragedy.

The story of the eternal triangle plus baby-makes-four seems designed as a luscious slick sad story in the women's weepy vein, but lacks the detail, honesty of perception, and style that *made* most of those underrated forties' films so successful.

Dyan Cannon, used, tanned, practically a personification of California, is the woman who has everything: husband, home, dream cottage, artistic lover, little dog and, best of all, a pretty baby. The moralistic message of the movie suggests she can't keep it all: the burden of mother love requires some sacrifices and decisions.

The potential subjects here are exciting and relevant. How much do children restrict sexual adventure? What duties and responsibilities are essential? Greed, and possessiveness for objects, creatures and loved ones can indeed lead to disaster, and a contemplation of the interlocking uses people make of each other under the banner of love could provide the film with a fascinating examination of contemporary means and morals.

Unfortunately the characterizations are as superficial as the décor. We seem to be watching made-up people in a made-up place, and the surface gloss is so hard we cannot feel the pulse or smell reality anywhere. As a result it is difficult to care what happens to these people, and even the death of a puppy dog or a baby is as uninvolved as a newspaper item. This fictitious world with its unbelievable romanticism, is, in fact, unbelievable.

Don Wilder's photography reveals to us a world that is glossy, commercially pretty and totally false. No amount of subtle acting, plot repair or charged direction can dispel the influence of the visuals as designed and photographed, unless they are calculated for ironic contrast. And when the characters are as glossy and unreal as the environment, there is no contrast. Thus the design of the film, the conflicting art styles purported to be by artist Pilon for instance, the meaningless photography, and the motivational holes in the story (big healthy babies that age don't die instantly from a bit of cotton in their mouths for example) weaken the film drastically.



Dyan Cannon

There is always, however, a favorite scene for me in every film I see. In this it is Al Waxman's hilarious gunshop proprietor leafing through a magazine of sexy pictures, expressing disbelief, amazement and delight in turn. At least the voyeurism and eroticism are frankly enjoyed for what they are and not hypocritically delivered as art. It's a refreshing moment.

The second funniest scene was unintentional, and involves Pilon and Cannon driving their white sports car to their special field to make love. She jumps out and in one swift gesture disrobes and flings her arms up in a gay mother earth come-and-get-it pose. Inspired, he whisks off his shirt (no buttons) but then suddenly sits back down in his car. To take off his shoes and socks? To hide his genitals? No. To drive the thirty feet or so over to her.

Now how much more California can you get?

— Natalie Edwards

Child Under a Leaf

It's all very tragic. The old Greeks would have loved *Child Under a Leaf* with its grand and noble passions and classic themes of Life, Death and Retribution. Of course, the details of *Child Under a Leaf* are long removed from antiquity, although the story has a certain timelessness. It's a tale of two lovers, their affair and the man who comes between them. In years past, it might have been written in rhyming couplets: For never was a story of more woe. . . . Than this of Joseph and his Domino.

She's married. He's not. Together they have a child, a baby girl. The problem is her husband. Who else. He's

in the way, he's suspicious and he's making threats. He has already killed her French poodle, simply because "he knew that (she) loved it". For the same reason, Joseph is in danger. Perhaps the child is too. They discuss murder: "Maybe I should kill him. . . . But what if you miss? I'll practice . . ." Joseph buys a gun, but they do nothing.

It's a promising conflict of tensions. And the child's presence provides the film with an interesting structural twist on the usual lover, wife, husband triangle. But writer-director George Bloomfield has left his characters high, though not always dry, uninteresting and very much unmotivated. They are, in fact, people with no past, and of

Scene from "Child Under A Leaf"



course a questionable future. Domino and Joseph are in love and that apparently is explanation enough. At least Domino, with a child to love and a husband to hate, is emotionally fulfilled, even if she's not at all happy. Dyan Cannon, in a fiery and provocative performance, captures both the passion and despondence of this woman torn between the child and Joseph. (That sounds significantly Christian, doesn't it?) Unable to have both, she will have neither. The film's development is predicated on her presumably symbolic talent for unveiling death. It's all very tragic indeed.

It might also be very touching . . . if it wasn't so damned serious. The affair is such a joyless, desperate matter. In the Grand Tradition of love stories, it's an intensely intimate relationship, an all-consuming passion with its own personal humour and rituals. For Domino and Joseph, everything else is unimportant. Its effect on their lives is profound. Played by Donald Pilon, he of the love-lorn stare, Joseph is a painter. And what does he paint? Pictures of the old deserted farmhouses and barns which identify the many countryside locations of their secret rendezvous. His masterpiece is something called *Child Under a Leaf*, a private joke that only he and Domino would understand.

How remote and all-exclusive! And how very typical. It's easy to watch them from a distance, but rarely do they offer an invitation to come closer, to become emotionally involved. They act as if the world were theirs and theirs alone. No one could conceivably be interested in their ritualistic intimacies, complete with wine, grapes, flowing gowns and the occasional Dionysian open-air setting. Could they? Although Euripides would probably be pleased with it, an affair on-screen as off, demands a little more discretion.

— Mark Miller

Three short films on old people

Why are we reviewing shorts — is this a new policy? Yes.

Were You There When — the president of one of (Canada's) foreign-owned theatre chains publicly maintained that his houses couldn't run Canadian shorts because they were not told about them? Cinema Canada is trying to ease this situation by periodically covering short films which could beautifully precede features in theatres from coast to coast. (Who ever said we weren't willing to cooperate with Big Business, anyway?)

Here's hoping you will soon see such lovely documentaries in our theatres.

All three of these films reflect the phenomenon of increasing fascination with the aged, and are probably a healthy reaction to the youth-cult of the 1960's.

Granny's Quilts

Directed by Zale Dalen, produced by Laara Dalen. (Full crew list slipped us by folks, sorry . . .) Highlight Productions, 24220-112th Avenue, R.R.no.1, Maple Ridge, British Columbia.

A lovely documentary besides a step-by-step illustration of how to make quilts, *Granny's Quilts* captures the mood of long quiet hours spent meticulously producing folk-crafts. The "Granny" of the title lives on a farm in B.C. and still uses the frame her grandfather constructed out of hand-hewn wood. Last year, she made a dozen quilts — over her lifetime, hundreds. However, the art of making quilts might not survive her generation since machines can now produce them so much quicker and cheaper. Even if it can't spur a quilting movement, *Granny's Quilts* has captured the beauty of this lady and her quilts in a warm and lyrical film.

Louise Tandy Murch



At 99 — A Portrait of Louise Tandy Murch

Produced and directed by Deepa Saltzman, cinematography by Hideaki Kobayashi, sound by Koji Ota, edited by Lorne Gould. Sunrise Films, 344 Walmer Road, Toronto, Ontario.

Shot mainly in the house this amazing lady has lived in for 61 years, *At 99* is a strong yet gentle film about being in love with life. We follow Louise Tandy Murch through her daily activities, at her 99th birthday party, performing for a group of senior citizens, and simply being wonderful. She radiates enthusiasm while singing her favourite songs (You've got to accentuate the positive, Eliminate the negative . . .) and accompanying herself on piano. Her joy is so contagious, she even managed to get the film crew into a singalong of "The Sound of Music" during shooting! Music is her main passion, ". . . because it's invisible". She took up yoga at age 90, which she happily demonstrates while exclaiming, "Breath is life itself! Oh! That feels good!" In answer to whether she enjoys being old, she smiles, pours a

cup of tea, and says, "Yes I do, and if I weren't 99 years old you wouldn't be here — would you? So you see, it has its advantages." Deepa Saltzman has been so inspired by getting to know this remarkable lady, she plans to make a series of films about active old people. Her next film will probably be about a blind 104-year-old Sufi doctor in Delhi, India. It's definitely worth waiting for

Lyle Leffler — Last of the Medicine Men

Produced, directed and edited by Michael Hirsh, cinematography by Jock Brandis, sound by Elaine Waese and Charles Bagnall, production assistant Elaine Waese, graphic montage by Peter Dewdney, illustrations by Rowesa Gordon, Nelvana Ltd., 525 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario.

There most definitely is a Lyle Leffler — he's the proprietor of the Valley City Herb Distributors in Rockton, Ontario after having made and sold tonics and teas all his life. The film highlights Mr. Leffler and his family with such ironic humour and gentle objectivity that the audience never quite knows whether to laugh or take it all seriously (and the filmmakers were too smart to destroy this subtle undercurrent). After all, who could avoid being fascinated by a traveling medicine man whose wife, Baby, wrestled their dancing bear while he played accordion and sold snake oil? Shot in southern Ontario, footage covers the family's manufacturing plant, old photographs of the Leffler traveling van, the collecting of herbs and teas in the fields, and Mr. Leffler's 84th birthday party. Definitely an entertaining and unusual documentary on a living folk hero.

—A. Ibrányi-Kiss

REUNION

Script, Direction and Editing: Murray Battle, Performers: Karyn Morris, Jack Zimmerman, Pauline Hebb, Zanna Ellis, Lighting/Cameraman: Mark Irwin, Sound Engineer: Fraser Smith, Assistant Director: Anthony Azzopardi, Assistant Cameraman: Paul Dunlop, Set Designer: Elizabeth Ascott, Costume Designer: Ruth Hope, Laboratory: Bellevue Pathé Ltd., Sound Mixer: Ian Jacobsen (Film House), Produced by: Murray Battle and Mark Irwin at York University, 28 min. 16mm, colour.

An interesting and unusual film turned up at the October showing of six student films at York University, Ontario. It was *Reunion*, a first fiction film by Murray Battle, and the 1973 first prize winner in the Student Film Festival in Montreal that year. (see *Cinema Canada* coverage issue No. 10-11).

In the film we observe the illusionary aspects of appearances through the tale of a man who has been a soldier, has later been imprisoned, and is making a belated return visit to what was once his home and family.

Nothing is what it seems. The man appears to mistake his grown daughter Margie for the young woman his wife was twenty years earlier. And the young woman, apparently trying to make some contact with him through this time and memory lapse, and perhaps also in order to reconstitute her own past through her mother's and the role of this strange, tight, singular man in it, effects a peculiar, eerie transition.

Dressed and made up in late forties' style, she presents herself to her father, and numbly dances with him to the seductive tones of *Serenade in Blue*.

Freudian comments need hardly be specified as daughter and father dance in an uneasy simulation of a past that existed only for one of them. And in spite of the fact the plot seems as full of holes as a lace dress, and the rescue of the daughter from the uncomfortable dilemma of bedtime is coincidentally convenient rather than a structured element of the plot, and the mysteries of why the father was jailed and for what, and why the mother died and of what are never solved, still the film maintains a solid level of its own existence on its own terms. And this is a remarkable achievement in a first fiction film.

It is permeated with a sense of loss and of unhealed wounds that are partly created by the skilled use of exaggerated disorienting sound, coupled with slow, deliberate visual pacing, and mirrored in the stately careful acting presentations by Jack Zimmerman and Karyn Morris, both very fine.

The underlying comment in the film implies that a sentimental attitude to the past cannot bridge the distance no matter how keen the intentions, and in the story the hurt feelings and misunderstandings of twenty years earlier are not cleared away, and the man leaves at the end still determined to maintain his illusions and his pain, leaving his daughter unable to mend or alter the past he lives in.

The chief assets of the film however are not just in the complications of the story line or the psychological hints of the relationships, but in the control director Murray Battle and photographer Mark Irwin have achieved over their material.

In one sequence, the father sits nervously in a chair in his old apartment. We are led into this scene by the daughter's monologue, in which she asserts she always knew he'd come back. A close-

up of his eyes is accompanied by a ringing sound as his finger circles the top of his wine glass. We flash into some brief shots of soldiers, a sense of terror and brutality, and a scream. The sound of the scream wavers, trembles, and turns into the siren of an ambulance outside the apartment. This transition in and out of his thoughts is created with a remarkable fluidity, cleverly controlled by sound.

While we watch these two strange remote characters, their separation through time and memory as clear as their obvious physical presence together, we are in the power of a young filmmaker who knows how to create his own particular world, one where his own myths, dreams and realities can exist.

This is the kind of power that excites. With this it is possible that writer-director-editor Battle, whose first film with Mark Irwin was a striking impressionistic documentary called *Union Station*, can produce some fine future Canadian films.

The York University program also included three capable documentary films, a proportion justified by the high interest in this genre in the department, and its undeniable practicality. *Being First* by Ruth Hope (who created the successful costumes for Battle's film) is a study of the training of an athlete for competition. *Jon Higgins*, examines the musician and teacher and, made by York students with the aid of Terry Filgate, uses Indian music to fine advantage in a well produced work; and *Press Porcepic*, a rough but informative short on this out-of-the-way publishing house made by Paul Caulfield.

The only abstract film was an impressionistic melange on *Highway 400 North* and the one humorous film was a tongue-in-cheek treatment of a modern problem in an old style, a silent and titled presentation of *Her Decision* backed by the incomparable piano accompaniment of Charles Hoffman.

Not all of these films are ready for commercial distribution, but it seems to me that any distributor ready to prove a sincere interest in Canadian filmmakers could easily tuck one of these shorts into a bill in place of those sunfish and sailing-in-Bermuda shorts. Without a doubt the reactions of a regular movie audience would do much to creating a professional attitude in the film makers. For jeers or cheers, what is needed is an audience.

— Natalie Edwards

Note: Reunion, Her Decision and Press Porcepic are distributed by the Canadian Filmmakers Distribution Centre. □

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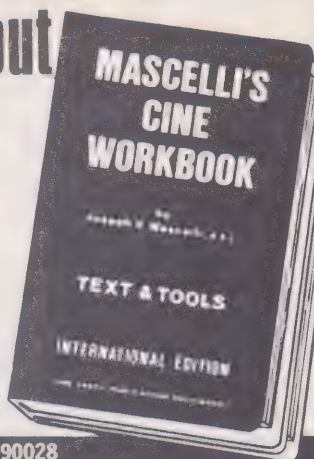
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Page 4 — from top: Susan Schouten,
Baltazar, Mary Leslie and Laurinda
Hartt

Page 6 — Baltazar

Page 10 — (Spring) Raphael Bendahan
(Acoma) Baltazar
(Sparling) Courtesy Canadian Film
Archives

Page 13 — Tom Urquhart

Page 26 — Art McKay

Page 27 — Art McKay

Page 28 — Art McKay

Page 28-29 — Chuck Lapp

Page 29 — Art McKay

Page 36 — Gunter Ott

Pages 40-41 — Baltazar

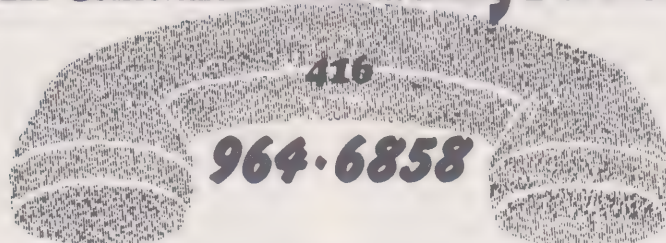
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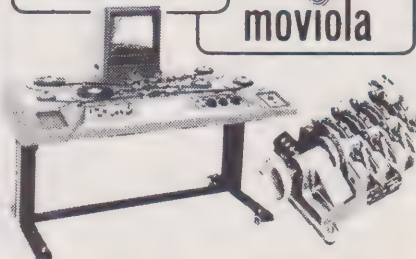
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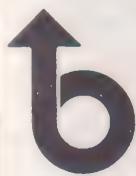
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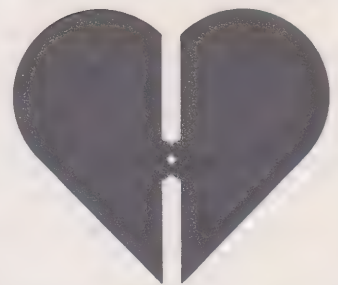
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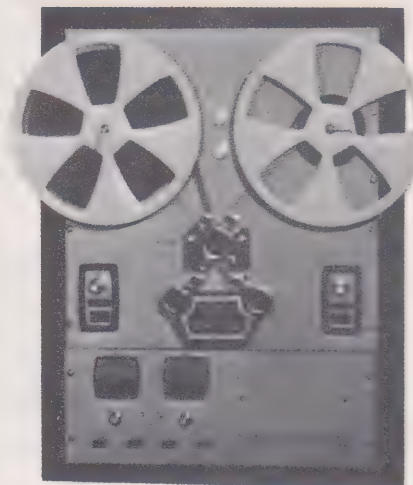


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— Pierre Juneau

"The State or the States" — Graham Spry

"What, me worry?" — Alfred E. Neuman

Living in the age of Neuman makes the concerns of a Juneau or a Spry seem anachronistic and naïve. The sea will never go away no matter how many little boys stick their collective fingers up the dike. The pragmatists know that the profit picture is the only picture and cultural nationalism is acceptable only to the degree it helps that end. Canadian independence is simply not as profitable as dependence, so why bother.

The question of Canadian independence and the role the cultural industries play in that question is the issue. The Canadian record is not inspiring because it has always been more profitable for local businessmen to act as agents in the Canadian market for foreign goods and services than develop indigenous products and compete on the world market. The result of this type of pragmatism is that Canada is the world's model economic colony — the original home of the branch plant.

We cannot afford to have our cultural industries under foreign control any more than we can our banking or communications industries. Culture is a key sector of the economy and must be recognized as such. This does not mean capital 'C' Saturday night culture. It means the values that make our society unique and the means of expressing those values. If you don't think we have a unique society, try living in New York or Detroit. It's different.

If we are going to have a cinema, there is absolutely no point spending public money to develop a film industry unless it is indigenous — ours in every sense. Sex films are a part of our culture, and I dare say an important part. Yet if we want sex films, they should be Canadian. If we are going to clamor for horror, let it be Canadian horror.

It is time to decide what we mean when we say we want a Canadian film industry. Either we want an indigenous cinema of quality which is popular at home and speaks to the international market from this place without importing actors, actresses, writers, directors, and clichés; or we want another branch plant industry.

I don't think we will long have a clear choice between the two. If we cannot develop a truly independent cinema we should stop fooling ourselves and call it quits right now. The public money could be better spent in other areas and the private money would be better advised to buy Paramount stock or invest in Hollywood movies directly.

Considering feature films alone, the "Canadian film industry" is several distinct industries operating more or less separately from each other with very different goals. These distinct parts have different problems and different solutions for their problems. Thus we see the plethora of conflicting advice going to the people who have to make a decision — the government — and watching as the governments are rendered confused and apparently paralyzed by the situation.

These different industries must be recognized for what they are and treated differently. Exhibition/distribution has really been the only Canadian film industry (with many exceptions) until recently and it is almost exclusively dependent on foreign films. Our theatres and major distributors act as agents in the Canadian market with greater loyalty to the foreign product than the local market they serve. Thus we can understand Paul Morton (Manitoba theatre owner) when he says that forcing Canadian films into Canadian theatres will destroy the "Canadian film industry". His film industry is centered in Hollywood and his theatres are the Canadian part of that industry. That is the way it always has been and if left to men like him, that is the way it always will be.

Within the CFDC — spawned feature film production industry there is one group of producers which has firmly grasped Adam Smith and suggests that economic pragmatism demands that Canadian films be made interchangeable with Hollywood films to better sneak into the American domestic market. They say that the Americanization of Canadian films is necessary to secure greater profits and that is the name of the game. In the short run that is true. In the long run it is a formula for disaster.

These producers wish to follow in the well-worn trail of the theatre industry making faster profits acting as agents for the foreign entrepreneurial talent rather than competing with that talent.

It's the old Canadian homily all over again — "we can't beat them anyway, so let's join them and get rich".

Then there is Quebec with its different language, sensibility, and understanding of the meaning of survival. That industry is just as fragmented with Denys Héroux going in a different direction from Michel Brault and the NFB/CBC on one hand and Michael Costom-type deals on the other.

Where does the Canadian Film Development Corporation fit? It has spent its short lifetime trying to balance these pieces off against each other: French and English, American co-productions and cooperative productions, Vancouver and Toronto, investors and exhibitors, and so on forgetting that the market for these films is unsecured. That oversight in their mandate and their interpretation of their mandate cost everyone, including the CFDC, dearly.

Less obvious than the differences between the Quebec and English-Canadian film industries are the differences between those who are in the money business and consider film another vehicle (Irving Kott is a prime example) and those who are in the film business and consider the money a necessary vehicle. I don't think ACPAV can be balanced against August Films much longer because they are pulling against each other. Something has to give.

The "business at all costs" approach to Canadian feature films inevitably means economic rationalization with Hollywood. Several months ago in *Cinema Canada* I wrote a piece called "Radical Surgery" which suggested splitting the production industry along public/private lines because they were incompatible. If that is not done I believe the film industry in Canada will sink the Canadian film industry.

Those entrepreneurs who feel they must depend on Hollywood to make popular films should do it. Hollywood companies that want to use Canada as a location should do it. But let's not confuse these films with Canadian films. Or support them with public money.

The CFDC is now reconsidering its role and a new mandate. The old question of securing the market and a fair return from that market is now recognized. Yet the basic question seems still unresolved and the CFDC must answer it: Do we simply want a film industry in Canada or do we want a Canadian film industry? □

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Only one mistake, and that was 1911 for Sir Wilfred Laurier's funeral – it was 1919 when I shot the funeral. I was called Toy Tash at another spot in the writeup – anyone could make that mistake hitting a "T" instead of an "R". I only hope that I will not get a Hollywood contract as a result of your write-up in CINEMA CANADA. My kindest regards to you and the gang.

Yours sincerely,
Roy Tash, C.S.C.

Dear Mr. Koller:

I am perturbed by the rather muddled "OPINION" (Sitting on the foggy edge...) published in the recent issue of *Cinema Canada*. The view expressed therein closes by attacking employees of government, where clearly the responsibility lies with our elected Members of Parliament, their employers. Surely, it is the government itself which must provide or find the leadership in the public sector to compliment the efforts of the private sector. More than this, it is patently absurd to dismiss so easily the very good work that has been done recently in some of the government film agencies.

Sincerely,
G.C. Adams,
President,
Canadian Association
of Motion Picture Producers

Dear Á. Ibrányi-Kiss:

Here, as agreed in our phone conversation, is an effort to set right some incredibly mis-stated facts in Kirwan Cox's last piece.

"In discussing her letter with Ms. Kieran, I found that she does not disagree with my assessment of the cultural policies of the government nor does she appear to disagree with my analysis of Mr. Desjardin's performance in office".

Wrong, on several counts.

1. A hasty chat while rushing to a theatre seat does not constitute a discussion. Cox hadn't seen my letter and couldn't discuss it with me – I told him about it and reiterated its point. Its point – let me try it again, slowly – is that, yes, the government is doing a lousy job and it is a minister of the government who must be attacked because only a minister has the freedom of reply. How Cox managed to make that an agreement with his vindictive attack on Desjardins escapes me.

2. Cox has never "analyzed" Desjardin's performance. A check into both The Oxford Precise and The Oxford Etymological Dictionaries show that analysis means to dissect or to examine minutely. An attack, particularly when unsubstantiated by data, doesn't qualify.

3. Desjardins is not a "former film officer" and only ignorance or petty malice would enable any person to so describe him. He was the Director of the Film Division and is currently on a year's stay in Toronto, on a program of immersion in the other language and culture, which is offered to senior civil servants and their families. He is still attached to the Secretary of State's office (I know because I checked).

4. (I did not say that civil servants were "legally exempt". I simply pointed out that, in our parliamentary system, the civil servant proposes and the minister disposes; thus the minister takes all public responsibility. Cox's "analysis" of the civil service is riddled with generalizations and glib put-downs which make it unworthy of further answer ("the cocktail party exam", for example).

5. Cox cannot write homey little treatises on "responsible press"; access to a typewriter and the pages of a journal does not confer professionalism or responsibility. Three vital canons of responsible journalism are: get your

facts right; don't use your public power for personal vendettas; argue logically. Journalism is a profession, just like filmmaking, and Cox can preach responsible journalism when I can get my home movies distributed.

6. Your own reply mentioning Sidney Newman, also begs the point. Newman is the head of a quasi-independent agency and he sets policy. So he can be attacked and can answer. That is different, as I have now pointed out repeatedly, from the position of a civil servant.

7. I did not suggest censoring Cox and I resent a response to him being treated as a threat to your liberty. The only thing that should censor Cox is his and your desire to do a factual and responsible job.

Finally, I am dismayed at this sorry little fight. At a time when we should all be united in ridding ourselves of an incompetent, uninterested and do-nothing minister, we're squabbling among ourselves. At a time when we are still without a film policy, when Saturday Night has been allowed to fail while Time magazine dumps editorial copy, it is irresponsible for any person to divert attention from Hugh Faulkner and the government of which he is a minister.

Sincerely,
Ms. Sheila Kieran

Dear Mr. Kirshenbaum:

Many thanks for the Anniversary Issue of *Cinema Canada*. I really appreciated receiving the copy and enjoyed the articles on Canadian cinema news – so much so that I should like to subscribe for one year.

I have written to our local library in Edmonton admonishing their chief for not stocking your magazine. Also, a letter to the cultural editor of the *only* newspaper in Edmonton – The Journal – so let's hope more people become aware of the job your publishing company is doing to acquaint the reading public with the activity in the area of Canadian Cinema by struggling and successful directors, producers, writers and film makers.

Thanks – your prompt reply to my letter was marvelous. You are great! Stay in there!

Sincerely,
Mary Bromfield
Spruce Grove, Alberta



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But you wouldn't believe what we went through. Everyone had their pet scheme. Our bookkeeper thought that *Thirty-Day Net Sound Services* was surefire, but we convinced her that, while we have a soft spot in our hearts for prompt payment, it was no way to attract business. Quite the opposite.

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